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THE FAR EAST and all the NEWS of the WEEK

THE SPHERE, MARCH 5, 1932
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE" 1/-

The SPHERE

CRUISING AND SPRING HOLIDAY NUMBER

Vol. CXXVIII. No. 1676 MAR. 5, 1932. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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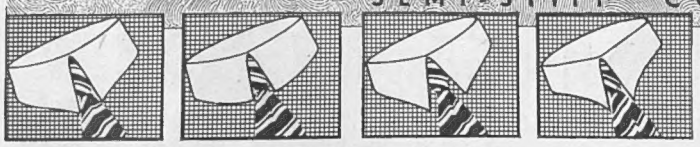

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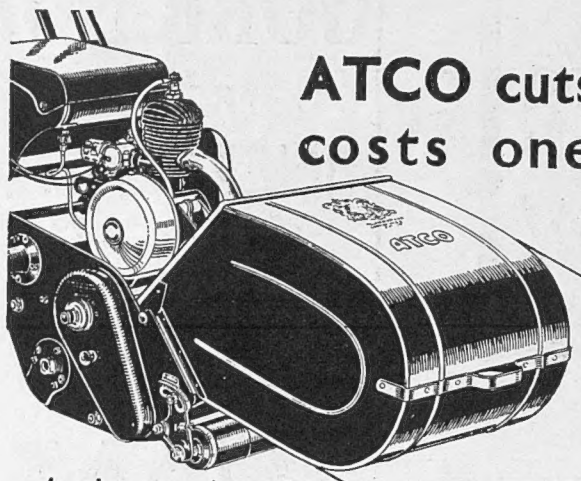

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Carmona Lawn Fertilizer gets right down to the roots, strengthening and reviving them, stimulating healthy growth, helping weak roots, and building up a lawn of which you can feel genuinely proud.

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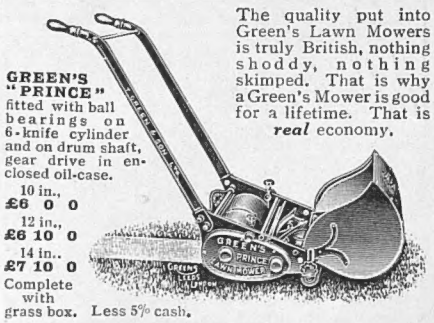
After all, you cannot beat a GREEN'S



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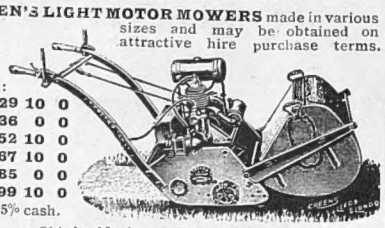

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A GREEN'S is a GREEN'S 20 years after

THE GARDEN

March is the Month above all for Sowing. The Joy Hand Motor-plough—Ducks in the Orchard—

By MARY

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand."

Ecclesiastes xi, 6.

March is *par excellence* the time of sowing. But ere the sower goes forth to sow, a glance round the garden will encourage him in his great task. Prunus Davidiana is in great beauty, if the pruning knife has not cut off the erect straight shoots of last year's growth on which the buds come. The earliest of all the almonds (prunus fenzliana) is making way for the later varieties of the amygdalus and armeniaca families. Round the corner, sheltered by a south wall, the buds of iris stylosa still shoot up their pale green pencils in fragrant masses, to be cut for the house; iris reticulata is beginning to show its glorious purple, and the later crimson helleborus colchicum is flowering now, less known than her earlier sister, the Christmas rose.

THE AUTO-CULTO: An all-British tractor, shown at one of the demonstrations of horticultural machinery arranged by the Ministry of Agriculture

In the borders, aubretia, double white arabis, scillas, chionodoxas, many coloured primroses and polyanthuses, dog's-tooth violets, early daffodils, and pink daisies are all in bloom. In the woods the hazel copses are showing pink with early buds, and the outlines of the bare trees against a glowing sunset seem more beautiful than ever, just before the young green leaves begin to appear.

. . . "THAT COMES BEFORE T fodils in early Spring at Abbots w the foreground are v

Young gardeners are apt to neglect the very important matter of differences of soil. It is useless and a waste of time and labour to try to grow plants that love a light, sandy peaty soil, in heavy clay ground. For instance, azalea mollis, that most beautiful variety of the honeysuckle family, should never be attempted in a heavy damp soil. Rhododendrons grow almost too fast and well in sandy peaty ground but they hate lime as do also the azaleas and kalmias (American laurels). The Himalayan species of rhododendrons are not grown as much as they might be, for some are exceedingly beautiful. They vary much in size, some with leaves 18 in. long and some quite dwarf. Partial shade and shelter are needed and moisture when they are making young leaf, and a dressing of leaf mould once a year.

Roses like a heavy soil—but it must be well worked. On the whole, perhaps, a heavy soil is to be preferred, provided it is well manured, well worked, and lightened by mortar rubble, sand, and wood ashes. Drainage of heavy land will help greatly in the cultivation of some pet plants, whilst it is only common sense to remember to guard against drought on a light soil. A great deal may be done by studying position. Plant Madonna lilies and all lilies that like a heavy soil, phloxes, delphiniums, spireas, trolliums, and the like in full sun and southern aspect in heavy ground but in half shade on light soils. As to roses, if the rose beds were not filled in the autumn they should be completed without delay. The wise gardener will not buy cheap lots thrown out from the nurseries. The few extra pennies demanded for named specimens from well-known growers will prove to have been well spent.

One of the great charms of a rock garden lies in the fact that there the plants can, and indeed must, have their own particular food prepared for them within their own pockets.

A LOVELY CARPET OF WHITE CYCLAMEN delicate of the i e

It is one of the great interests in gardening to watch how each plant responds to its special treatment. The rock garden is now beginning to wake up. It is not long since the heavenly blue of the Chinese gentiana sine ornata disappeared, and the coum cyclamens uncurled. Now some of the saxifrages, oppositifolia, burseriana, and apiculata, are showing buds, fat rosettes deck the earlier primulas, while the little Juliana gloria is in full bloom. Winter heath is blooming happily, and the tiny yellow cytisis ardoinii buds just showing tempts one to pick it for the house.

It is very important to keep the hoe and light fork at work now, to discourage weeds and encourage the growing plants by aerating the soil. A small hoe with a sharp diagonal end is a capital instrument, and does not unduly disturb the plants. Now, too, the ground is suitable in some places for the use of the little hand motor-plough or auto-cultivator, in orchards. The

DUCKS IN THE ORCHARD: A delightfully rustic scene showing a group of useful ducks amid apple-trees as yet bare of blossom

IN SPRING

of the Early Primus Bloom—The Usefulness of a An Inexpensive Form of Glass Protector

HEADLAM

"THE SWALLOWS DARE": Daf-wood. The smaller blossoms in windflowers (anemones)

"auto-culto" is British made, and has been recommended to me as an excellent machine. These little motor-tractors are invaluable for those who grow vegetable crops between the rows of fruit trees. If followed by a flock of ducks, grubs and pests of all sorts are quickly eliminated. Ducks can be profitably and successfully run in orchards; and young ducklings are very popular with some gardeners in the vegetable garden at this time, before the young crops are up.

Any favourable day now the great festival of outdoor sowing of hardy annuals can begin. The perfect day is mild, still, and sunny, though slightly damp. The soil will be ready, light, and friable, having been prepared by labour and frost, digging, manuring, and forking, and the good gardener will know exactly where he wants each plant to grow. The sand, potting soil, leaf mould, rake and fork, with small sticks and cotton to protect the seedlings against pests, and labels to mark the places sown, all will be at hand; and the work will be a labour of love, since in imagination the beds will be already filled with the glorious combinations of colour so carefully sketched out by the fireside in the dark days. Seeds should be sown thinly, though many seedlings will transplant quite well when young. Very fine seed can be sown more evenly if mixed with sand. It is a good plan to mix the seeds of such plants as Love-in-a-Mist and Gypsophila elegans and sow broadcast, as they support each other. Some Shirley poppy seed might be added, but plenty of room must be given for this last. Half-hardy annuals can be sown now in boxes in greenhouse or hot bed. Now, too, is the time to plant out the young snapdragons for early blooming. Catmint can be divided up and replanted now; this makes a charming border for the rose bed.

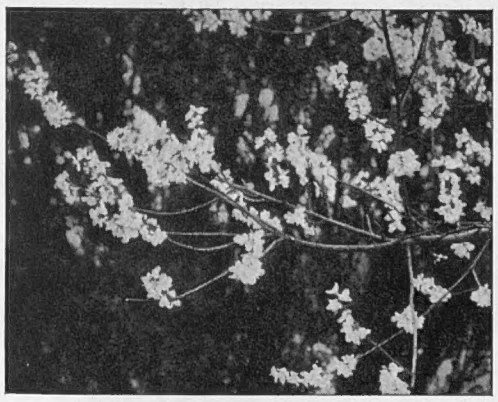
A good and cheap liquid manure may be prepared at this time from the hoof-parings from the local shoeing forge. Soak a sackful in a barrel of rain water. In a month or two this will be an excellent mulch for young plants.

Plant the bulbs of the Ranunculus asiaticus as soon as possible in ground already prepared. Press firmly into the soil, 1½ to 2 inches deep, claws downwards, and give a top dressing of good loam. The giant French and Turban varieties are hardier, but there are some lovely Persian specimens. They need a rich strong soil in a sunny position, and must not be planted in wet weather, though in drought they must be watered. The young shoots of delphiniums showing now should be guarded from their enemies the slugs, with soot, ashes, and cinders.

An inexpensive substitute for the French cloches for protecting and bringing on quick successions of salads, etc., is to be found in sheets of glass, some 2 by 1½ ft. These can be bought in cases containing a large number. Place the sheets roof-fashion over the young plants that have already been started perhaps in hot bed or greenhouse. Water carefully, and protect from severe weather with matting. Corn salad, mustard, cress, radishes, lettuce, etc., can be treated in this way. It is most important to grow as much and as early salads as possible this year, since the foreign produce will be rare and costly. It would be well if gardeners were to follow the practice of one of the first settlers in Savannah, Georgia, who wrote in October, 1734, to Mr. Oglethorge, founder of that colony, as follows:—"Most people here have been sadly afflicted with an itch or boils. I thought it might be occasioned by eating salt beef without greens or roots. I have therefore sowed and planted about 2 acres of cabage seeds and cabage plants, salett, onions, turneps, carrots, spinage, leeks, etc., that any family in the colony may be supply'd therewith at a reasonable price."

is now in full bloom; it is one of the most early comers

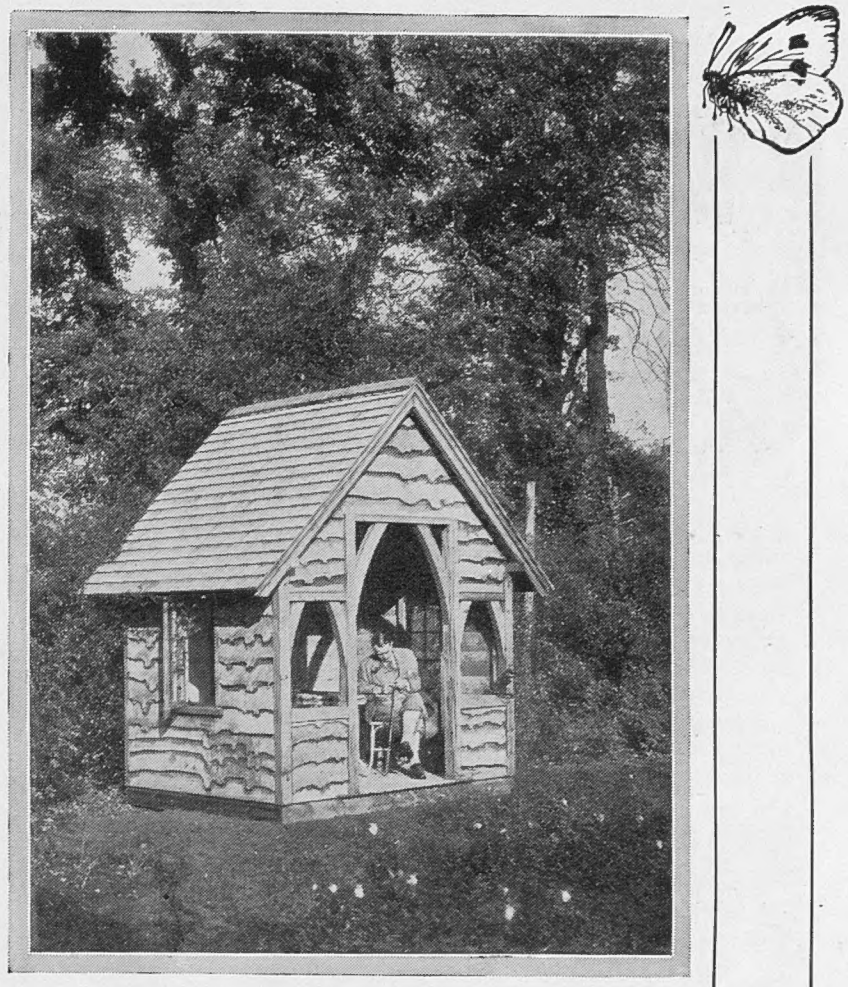
Practically every kind of seed in the vegetable garden should be sown in March, always choosing a day of favourable conditions. Continue to sow in succession broad beans and peas—of the latter the dwarf early varieties first. Two or three rows of early potatoes between the rows is a good plan, the peas getting plenty of light and sun and the potatoes protection from May frosts. Continue also successions of spinach—the round sort is best.

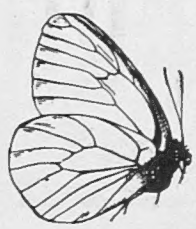


THE LATE ALMOND FLOWER: Prunus Amygdalus which succeed Prunus Fenzliana in time although not in beauty

Tomatoes are another vegetable which should have special attention this year. The young plants should be pricked out, potted and brought on as quickly as possible. A succession can be arranged for by planting out in a cold house after the greenhouse, while later on they can be grown out of doors in a sheltered place.

It is a good plan for the gardener to keep a note-book for jotting down the names of flowers and plants at their flowering time as well as at the important sowing and planting time. One so often sees something one would like to have and forgets to order it at the proper time. For every gardener aims at a succession of beauty in the garden,





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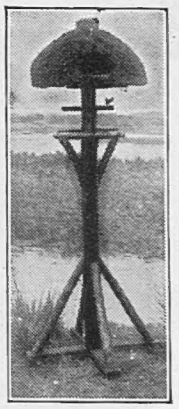
A MESSAGE TO BIRD LOVERS



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Astolat Bird Tables are made of rustic larch, with bark intact, and thatched with heather roof. Height 7 ft. 6 ins.

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New and old customers are ordering generously this season. The phrase—

HEAVEN for TWOPENCE

was used by one of our customers on seeing a bed of flowers raised from one of our 2d. packets. You will have a like experience if you sow RYDERS SEEDS. Practically all seeds, even the choicest varieties in 2d. packets.

Send a postcard to-day (affixing 1d. stamp) applying for our Catalogue.

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for a new series of cars . . . *Standard stepped in.* To a public—educated by prosperity to demand the highest measure of luxury and performance in a car, combined with an increasing inability to pay for these things *at their former cost*—Standard announced their 1932 models. And what a welcome they've had—these most popular products of British skill and labour! Sold as fast as they can be produced, produced as fast as modern machinery can work, into every corner of the world they go! And the reasons for this unprecedented success? They are many. *The 1932 Standards are all-British, made in the heart of England, out of the finest materials. The 1932 Standards are built to meet the economic conditions of to-day—in price and running costs . . . . The 1932 Standards fulfil the most exacting needs of every section of the modern motoring public—the need for comfort, the need for luxury, the need for brilliant capabilities . . . . The 1932 Standards are* TROUBLE-FREE.

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THE SPHERE

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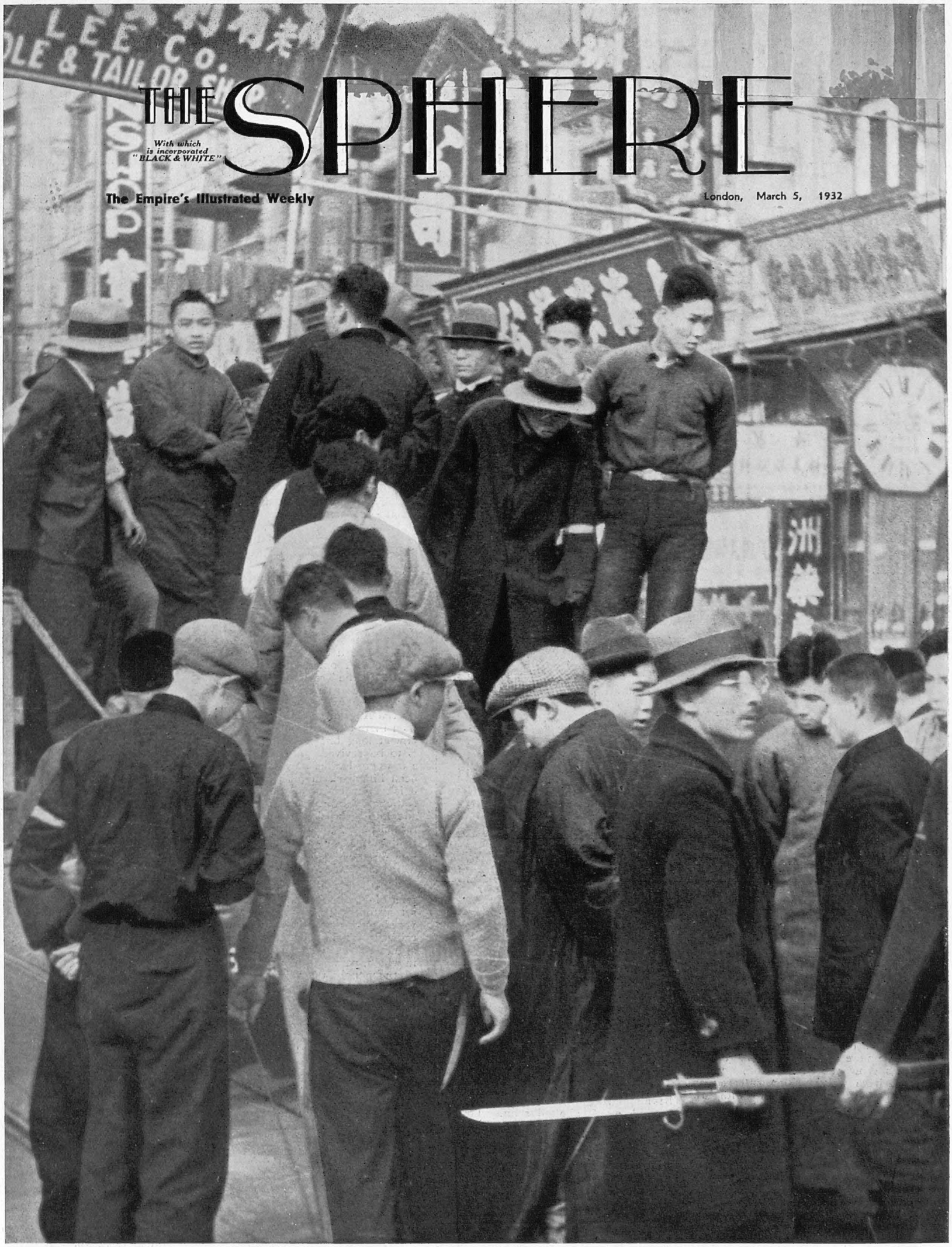
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, March 5, 1932



THE CLASH OF RACE IN SHANGHAI STREETS:

A Lorry Load of Chinese Prisoners Motored Through a Shanghai Thoroughfare

Yet another facet of the Sino-Japanese conflict is illustrated above—the rounding up of civilian prisoners of war. Contradictory descriptions of these prisoners have been given—one statement stating that they are mere shop-keepers who stayed overlong in the occupied territory; the other that they were *francs-tireurs* who sniped the invading forces during their advance. As we go to press, the news from the seat of war is hopeful. Under the presidency of Sir Miles Lampson terms for an armistice are pending; delegates from Japan and China met on board a British warship and China has accepted the proposed scheme *in toto*, but Japan's answer is not yet forthcoming. Meantime, continuous bombardments are the order of the day, large-scale offensives being deferred in view of the unexpectedly stiff resistance the troops of Chiang Kai-shek have offered

Postage — Inland, 2d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 3½d.

A London New

DUTY BOUND: The last dumped goods were admitted to Britain's shores on Monday at five p.m., on which day the new Tariff laws came into force. Many ships, trying to beat the clock and get their cargoes in before the barriers were erected, were delayed (to the benefit of the Exchequer) by the heavy weather. The Chamberlain policy, conceived by the father, delivered by the son, is hailed as the keystone of the new edifice of British prosperity

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, March 2, 1932.

THE GREAT ILLUSION.—

The battle round Shanghai drags on. Incredible as it seems, it has already lasted five weeks, and in that time many things have happened. Japan has given at least five reasons why she embarked on that ill-starred and ill-advised adventure, and the more she argues the more clear it has grown that she would, once at least, have welcomed an intervention which would enable her to withdraw without further dishonour. The watching world knows that she has been hardly and unjustly used in the past, having suffered innumerable annoyances and outrages from the lawlessness and disintegration of China and obtained less than fair treatment at the hands of her allies and other, the Great Powers. But even those who admit Japan's grievances have felt great admiration for the almost heroic resistance offered by China. China, disintegrated, pitifully disorganized, has almost "found its manhood" among the nations, and it is not impossible that some approach to national unity and to established and constructive government may be China's prize from the lucky bag of war. Which is not what Japan anticipated. Japan has yet to see through the Great Illusion; while onlookers are wondering whether war or peace among nations is the greater of the great illusions. It is fair to add that, while governments have been making proposals for general disarmament, British armament firms (at any rate) have reaped a very poor harvest from the war in the Far East.

IN THE MELTING POT.—

Any change in prospect is a bull point in times a bad as these. Half the nations of civilization will in the course of a year pass through the melting pot in their domestic politics, and it is no wild optimism to hope that a change at the top may be for the better. In America the man of destiny in the coming Presidential elections will undoubtedly be Roosevelt, who carries the weight of a great American name. In Germany it will be Hitler, a mushroom growth on Mussolini lines, and a power or menace by no means to be minimized, with Hindenburg so far beyond man's allotted span. Possibly last week's government majority is an encouraging augury for the continuation of Hindenburg's leadership. Even in France some little bit of bone and gristle may be fished out of the *pot-au-feu*. As for Ireland, her hopes were set on constancy. While Cosgrave was ready to carry on, any change was a change for the worse. Valera may be sincere, well-informed, and courageous, as he is undoubtedly patriotic, but in Ireland to-day it is no time for experiments with the Constitution and the country's political economy.

GERMANY.—The news from Germany is far from good. None who has studied at all carefully her economic problems can longer refuse to face the grim facts. Schemes for the reconstruction of her leading banks disarm criticizm by the very nakedness they reveal. There is no foreign capital available to tide her over, to bolster her up, to take a part of the strain in the necessary provision for depreciation. An endless moratorium or a fresh start—those are the two alternatives before Germany and her creditor nations. With six-and-a-half millions unemployed, and foreign credits dried up, there is no third way, and since the two alternatives are in effect the same, why not choose the cleaner, prettier, sweeter, less irritant nostrum? There is not a single post-War institution in Christendom which would not benefit by a blotting out, an oblivion, and a fresh start on a cleaner sheet.

THE DOVE RETURNS TO THE ARK.—

I look forward to the return of Mr. Lloyd George to Westminster. It is quite true that, if I could dictate to the ex-dictator, I should direct him to retire from public life, which he has adorned and troubled, and live in retirement cultivating mangolds and reading history at Criccieth or Churt. But since he clings to public life I am all for enjoying his fireworks and letting Parliament benefit by his vitality. Political life is positively atrophied by the absence of opposition, for talent, as well as numbers, is lacking. If the National Government is not to disintegrate from complacency and a false sense of security, it simply must hear itself criticized by an expert parliamentary debater. And the return of Lloyd George at this juncture ought to be peculiarly stimulating and even amusing from the nature of the problems which must now occupy the time of Parliament. Imprimis, there are Reparations and War Debts. It cannot fail to relieve the boredom of Parliament, if the "onlie begetter" of so many of our troubles, the gifted framer of the Treaty of Versailles, rises in his place as principal critic of the Government which is striving to clear up the Augean mess of 1919–20. And then there must be much discussion on how at long last moribund agriculture is to be revived. And Mr. George is always good value on agriculture. We need him back in his place (wherever it is). For either he will squeeze the National Government into cohesion and loyalty or else he will exorcize its recalcitrant elements and make it what it already is in all but name, a Conservative Government.

RAIL v. ROAD.—

The chairman of Messrs. Thos. Tilling last week set forth the Road Users' case in the vexed question of the future of the railways which *The Times* has been arguing. When he spoke of the way in which, possessed of a complete transport monopoly, the railways threw their trump cards away by short-sighted obstinacy and turned a monopoly into a tyranny, he spoke truth. And when he declared that rationalization and not criticism of their rivals is the policy which alone can prolong the life of the railways, he spoke sound sense, but spoke too late, since the railways are at last actively alive to the need of retrenchment and reform. But when he indicated the right lines of rationalization which the railways must adopt, he was not so convincing. He suggested that railway companies must at once convert sections of railway track into motor roads either for their own use or for sale to the public. If they do so, and sell to the public, they will assuredly cut their own throats. For they will be hastening on the one condition which in my opinion can save *road* transport from early extinction. Public opinion is not going to stand any increase in weight of vehicles using its motor roads; and the public enthusiasm for travelling by road instead of rail depends largely on speed. It is only by breaking the law that motor coaches can preserve their appeal to-day. The public will surely revert to the railway if public vehicles on the road cannot maintain a 30 m.p.h. average on long runs.

. . . .

I am sure that public opinion is set dead against once more increasing on public roads the authorized speed of these vehicles to 40 or 45 m.p.h., a speed which alone makes possible a 30 m.p.h. average. Therefore roads devoted exclusively to public road vehicles become a vital necessity and such new road systems only the great railways can supply from their existing rail tracks. The further ribboning of England to provide such exclusive roads would outrage public feeling. I do not believe that the railways' efforts to enlist public sympathy for their present plight is subordinating the interests of the public to those of railway stockholders. I am not at all certain that the part is not greater than the whole and that the survival of the railways as railways is not for the benefit (one way and another) of the big majority.

JUDGES' SALARIES.—

The proceedings and deliberations of Parliament are still sometimes curiously obscure to the Man in the Street, even in these days when a Premier's first duty is to announce by wireless to the crofter, the cowman, the schoolboy, and the industrial worker, the inner meaning of his Government's high policy. The public had an idea that the whole question of increasing the salaries of Judges was to be gone into last week. But no such thing. Mr. Baldwin, in words chosen with such care as to be at first unintelligible even to educated M.P.'s, made it clear that the question was not one of immediate cash but rather of constitutional principle. (Whereat the taxpayer heaved a sigh of relief.) The judges were docked (like any junior civil servant) of a percentage of what some people regard as a totally inadequate salary. The public hoped (or feared) that something handsome in £ s. d. was to be done for them. But not at all. They are to be fobbed off with the principle and whistle for the interest. Mr. Baldwin merely upheld the principles of the Act of Settlement and assured an anxious nation that neither now nor in the future would any Government seek to tamper with the independence of the Judges or lump them with civil servants.

. . . AND JUDGES' INDEPENDENCE.—

The Judges continue to show in their *ex-parte* pronouncements that they belong to a free and independent body. In the last decade they have become the most trenchant and even violent, as well as the most acute, critics of Government vacillation and illogic and of public foibles and follies. Mr. Justice Humphries was the critic last week. He trounced the authorities of Borstal and made out a good case against them. These authorities long ago declared that short term sentences to Borstal were of no reclamation value. Therefore the Judges fell in with the suggestion that three-year terms should be customary for Borstal institutions. Now the authorities too often discharge their prisoners on compassionate grounds before half the sentence is run, throwing contempt on the authority of the Bench and the reformation value of Borstal treatment.

"THE BRISTOL RIOTS."—

I have emphasized my caption in bold type not to minimise the seriousness of the late unemployment riots in Bristol, but because Bristol has gone down to history for a disturbance of the peace still more grave. It is the centenary year of "Reform," and it is a not unremarkable coincidence that exactly a hundred years ago Bristol was talking and thinking of nothing else but the late riots and their consequences. A century ago Sir Charles Wetherell, the Recorder, an enemy of Reform, insisted on going to Bristol. The rioting broke out, the city was in flames, the Mayor, Pinney, lost his head and later stood his trial. Colonel Brereton, commanding the troops in the area, failed lamentably to deal with the crisis, and committed suicide to avoid court martialling. You will find no better account of those riots than in Stanley

sletter

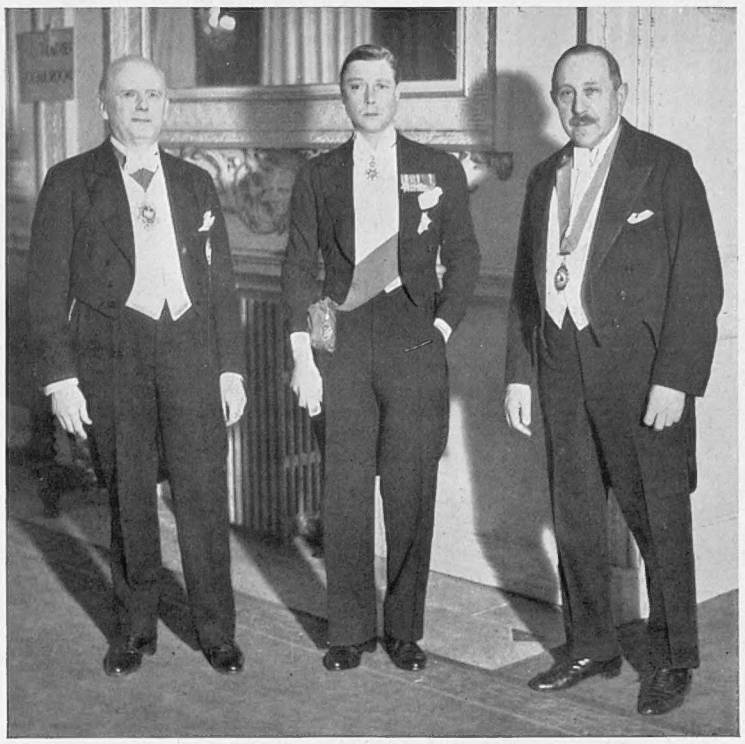
Weyman's best novel, *Chippinge*, a book which should be in everybody's library.

SHAKESPEARE. — Lovers of Shakespeare, who spend the lean years complaining of the neglect of the god-sent dramatist, have been in clover this year. They have had the chance to see *Julius Cæsar* with a Royal Matinée's cast; and Hamlets, Othellos, and Romeos in every sort of dress and in a variety of dramatic readings. I dare not assert that this marks a reaction in public taste against cheapness and glitter, for there is evidence that the public craving for circuses and spectacles for the eye alone was never more voracious. But it does show courage and a desire once more to lead and not to follow the public on the part of producers, and it does augur well for the great time coming next month (yes, positively *next month*) when the new Memorial Theatre on Avon's banks at Stratford will be opened by the Prince (what would Hamlet be without the Prince?), when all the greatest plays will be performed by chosen and practised Shakespearean actors, and Shakespeare's country will once more be decked in the lovely trappings of Spring which in Warwickshire are more Shakespeare's creation than Nature's. Positively, next month the meadows of England will be painted with delight.

THE DUKE OF YORK IN LANCASHIRE.—The Duke of York's tour of the industrial areas round Manchester merits special notice. This area, which has suffered so grievously from trade depression, has not had the benefit of a Royal visit of inspection for a very long time; it is, moreover, the first or almost the first purely industrial investigation of major importance which the Duke has undertaken. The idea which it embodied was to give encouragement and stimulus alike to employers and employed. As President of the Industrial Welfare Society, the Duke is keenly interested in all which tends to the betterment of the workers' conditions, with special regard to problems of health and recreation and the lot of younger employés. Since the War these Royal tours of industrial areas have been extraordinarily successful, but even so, it is doubtful if the Royal Family, as a whole, appreciates how much importance is attached to them. Indeed, there can hardly be too many in these times. It is good for the princes and good for the people—for the former to get a real understanding of industrial conditions and problems to-day, and for the latter to realize how genuine that Royal interest is. Certainly, unusual publicity was given by the press to this tour of inspection which appropriately began on a date which will be a landmark date in English history—the end of free trade.

THE GOLD RUSH.—I have been carried along the stream of fashion and joined in the gold rush that has been precipitated by our abolition of the gold standard; for despite the fact that our notes are no longer backed by gold, the precious metal not only retains its preciousness, but is now worth more (in paper) than ever it was before! I was entrusted with a little collection of junk and oddments in the way of forgotten Victorian jewellery of the Christmas cracker type and asked "to get a pound or two for it." I went into the first silversmith's I passed and presented my refuse. When he offered me twice the maximum sum whispered in dreams, I endeavoured to keep my countenance at the gloomy. When he then sprung a little more and handed me back the only pretty thing in the collection, I closed with his offer and pocketed his wad of notes. Then we talked. He said: This rush to sell old ornaments has revealed the extraordinary reserve of gold represented by these forgotten relics, sentimentally hoarded by our mothers and grandmothers; it has also revealed the astonishing ignorance of the public of the intrinsic value of such possessions—mentally classified as trumpery if not tawdry—under the conditions of to-day. Last week a young girl rushed in with a little collection of these oddments and said: "Give me £10 for these, I simply must buy a new bridle." He urged delay, but she rushed off with her £10. When he got down to valuing the junk, he found that it was worth £135 as a fair bargain. As her family were old customers and he a man of honour, he sent after her a cheque for £125 and a fatherly and stern warning. And doubtless, in her case as in mine, he made a nice profit himself.

THE OLD STAGER.



AT AN INAUGURAL BANQUET: The Prince of Wales on whose right hand is Sir Maurice Jenks, Lord Mayor of London, and on whose left is Mr. R. D. Blumenfeld, quondam editor of the *Daily Express*, at the first banquet of the Newspaper Makers, held in the Mansion House

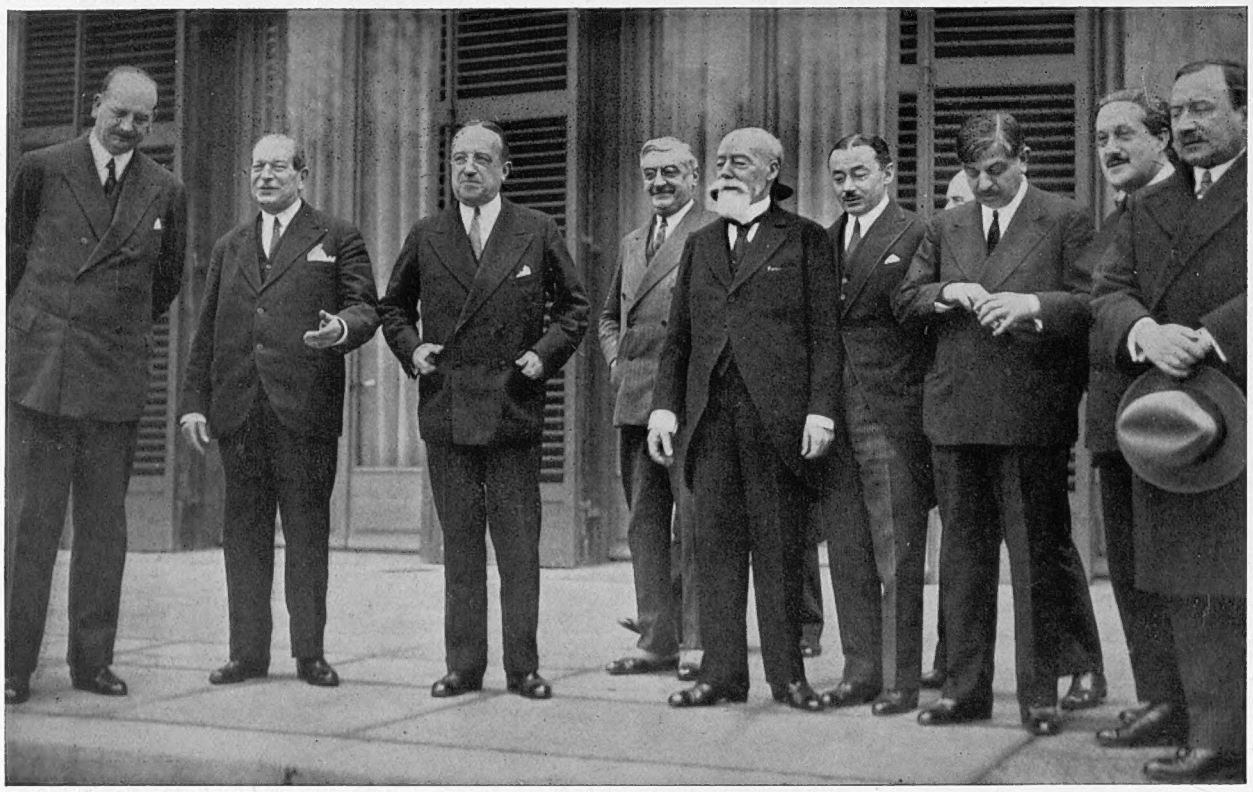
A DESERTER! The Irish wolfhound, the mascot of the Irish Guards, which left a parade of his own regiment, and joined up with a section of the Coldstream!

"PEACE HATH HER VICTORIES"—and here are seen a trio of the victors. *On left* are Nurse Florence Jordan and Flight-Lieutenant Davis after the investiture at Buckingham Palace; *on right* is the crowd that cheered C. P. O. Willis who received honour at the hands of his Sovereign for his gallantry in the *Poseidon* disaster in the China seas

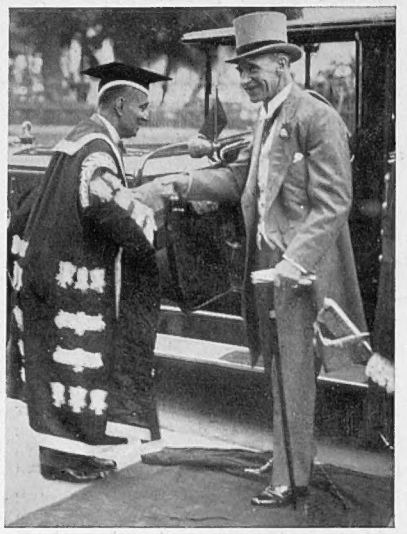
REPRESENTING THE STAGE: Miss Edith Evans, Miss Evelyn Laye, Miss Marie Burke, and Mr. Leslie Henson, who waited upon the Ministry of Labour to discuss the action to be taken in connection with artists who are nationals of countries other than Britain. The feeling of the stage is one of extreme generosity; they feel that art is an international commodity against which tariff laws and embargoes should not run

EUROPE

Under the Camera



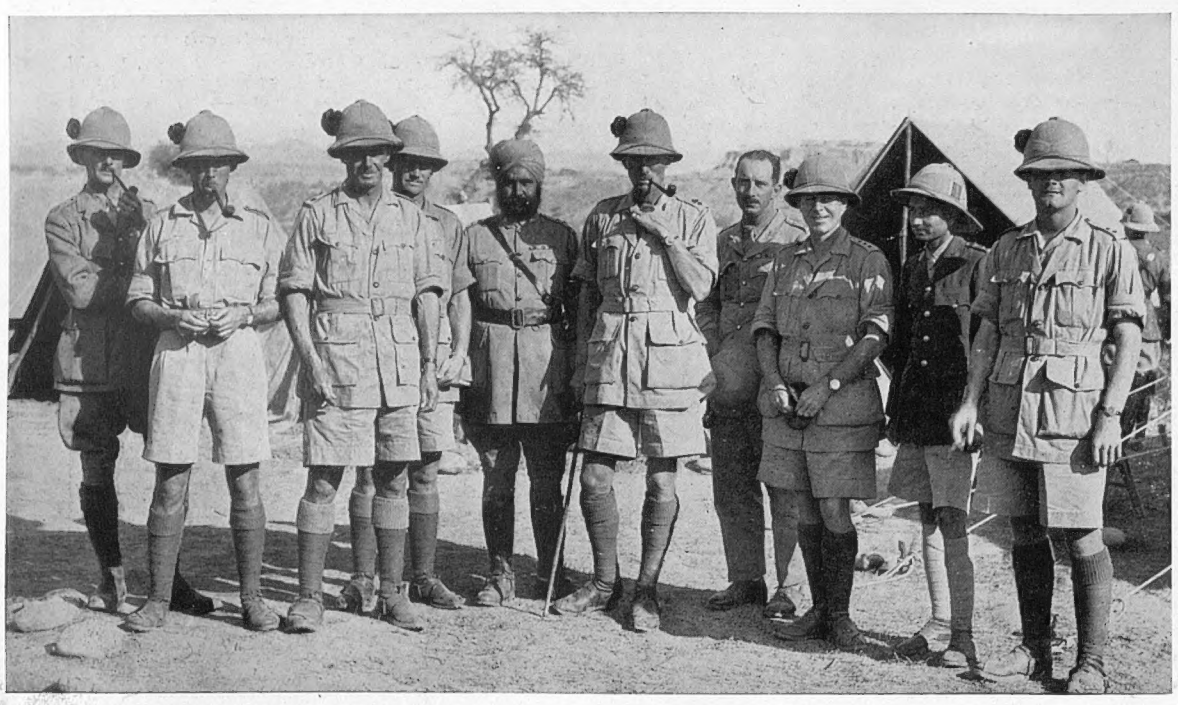
THE LATEST SHUFFLE OF THE ACES IN THE FRENCH CABINET: M. Flandin (Finance), M. Mahieu (Interior), M. Tardieu (Prime Minister), M. Blaisot (Health), M. Doumer (President), M. Reynaud (Justice), M. Laval (Labour), M. Catmala (Premier's Secretary), M. Rollin (Commerce)



A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE: Sir Stanley Jackson who, when at Calcutta University, of which he is Chancellor, survived an attempt at assassination

A CARGO OF GOLD: Some of the forty million dollars (eight million sterling at par) which were brought from America by the *Ile de France*. The money goes to the Banks of France, Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland. Bars valued at a million fell into the harbour

CAMOUFLAGE: The German observation post at Terhand which escaped notice for years owing to its skilful camouflage, still extant. It looked like a church



THE STRONG HAND IN KASHMIR: A group of the "suitable British officers" who were mentioned in a statement by Sir Hari Singh, Maharaja of Kashmir, as the only hope of stability to which his unhappy land could look forward. Their aid was invoked in connection with Muslim riots

THE LOST LION FOUND: The ancient decoration of the old Menin Gate discovered beneath the War debris of the Cloth Hall, Ypres

SINO-JAPANESE

Latest Pictures from the War in the East

THE PIPES SKIRL IN SHANGHAI: The Eastern crisis developed such an acuteness that forces from Hong-Kong were despatched by H.M.S. *Berwick* to the seat of war. Their purpose is only precautionary

MARTIAL LAW: Japanese sentinels halt Chinese pedestrians and subject them to a rigorous search

ASHES OF THE FALLEN: The fatalities in an action are all cremated together in a gigantic holocaust, and their ashes sent back to their native land. This picture shows a detachment returned from Manchuria bearing the ashes of their comrades. The tablet is the *ihai*—a tablet on which the names of the fallen are inscribed

Inset above—IN ACTION: Japanese marines in steel helmets defending a position strongly supported with armoured cars

THE BARRICADES: The Sino-Japanese conflict has created all the paraphernalia of open war. The streets in the affected areas are strongly barricaded and defended by armed forces. To admit of a modicum of transport, however, small gaps are left to allow of the passage of pedestrians and rickshas

MILITARY GUARDS OF A CIVIC OFFICE: *Japanese marines guard the entrance of the Japanese Consulate-General at Shanghai*

ISLANDERS OF THE

In Tokio, between twin bridges curving over an inner moat, and down an avenue of twisted aged pines, you reach the yellow-walled Imperial Palace wherein dwells Hirohito, legendary descendant of Amaterasu, the Sun Goddess, Emperor of the Era of Radiant Peace, occupant of the world's oldest throne, and 123rd of his line.

Some people think—and have been saying as much in no uncertain tones—that the warrior caste of old Nippon is bent upon making this spectacled young man, whose hobby is microscopic research, lord of a mighty Asiatic Empire reaching to the Himalayan frontier of India, and that long before his hair whitens and his teeth drop out.

It is possible that such gigantic dreams do simmer in the brain of the warlike leaders of the old military clans of the Choshus and Satsumas, who control the fighting services of Japan. On the other hand, it is equally possible that the island folk of the North Pacific Power have all along been bent only upon such necessary action for the securing of vital national interests as the island folk of the North Atlantic have at various times felt themselves obliged to take at certain critical hours in their long story.

It will now be a long time before this interesting and debatable point is finally cleared up.

The whole Sino-Japanese struggle has rather puzzled the foreign onlooker. There seemed no particular reason why it should have started when it did start. It is still more perplexing to understand why, having reached the frontiers of Manchuria, it should have been pushed on by the Japanese to Shanghai and the vicinity of the International Settlement, thereby antagonizing powers like Britain and America, who, while the drive was confined to Manchuria, tended to be sympathetic (having themselves had some peculiarly irritating experiences of Chinese war lords and their ways). A little history, and an examination of the map, sheds light.

All Japanese action derives from the basic proposition that she must have an active hand in the development of north-eastern Asia, and must maintain herself there against all comers. She is prepared to defend her national existence, so conditioned, against all comers.

Because of her immense population (65,000,000) she is not self-sufficing either in peace or war. She must look abroad for the essentials of modern life. But to the south and west she finds her routes to the Antipodes, to the Indies, and to Europe, lying entirely within seas controlled by British naval bases. Eastward she sees 5,000 miles of ocean separating her from the American continent. But only a narrow strait, less than 100 miles wide, separates her from vast Asia, and she can—and does—control three of the four great gateways into the eastern part of it, at the Yangtze, the Gulf of Pechili, and Vladivostok.

North-eastern Asia is her great source of raw material and foodstuffs and her great area of outlet. Economic facts turn her to this land and to the sea. Geographically and economically she is linked to the Asiatic mainland and especially to that contiguous portion of it inhabited by 450,000,000 of Chinese, lacking an organized national life and a central government. India may be vital to Britain but China is the alpha and omega of Japanese foreign policy. Only if the integrity of her interests on the Asian continent and her communications thereto can be safeguarded can she confidently face the Pacific and her future in that mighty basin.

She is prepared to defend her national existence, so conditioned, by force if, when, and where necessary and, in pursuance of this cardinal principle, she has already single-handedly fought two wars, engaged with Allies in a third, and for the last four months has been busy clearing Manchuria of hostile war lords and their personal armies, and (at the risk of getting embroiled with the great Western powers who have interests in China) has gone on to contest the right of other war lords, based on Canton and Nanking, to pull her nose, destroy her property, and molest her citizens in the Shanghai area.

The list of her clashes with China is a long one. In 1895 she had a war with her big neighbour and took the island of Formosa. China retaliated the next year by granting Russia the right to build the Chinese Eastern railway. Two years later China added the right to build the branch from Harbin to Darien through Changchun, and leased the South Manchurian line to Russia for twenty-five years.

In 1904 the formidable islanders of Nippon took the field to arrest the menacing southward and eastward thrust of the Russians, driven on by their never-ending *Drang nach Osten* for the warm waters of the Japan Sea and the Yellow Sea—to lose control of which would mean the end of Japan as surely as to lose control of the English Channel and the North Sea would mean the end of Britain. They poured out blood and treasure, risked their national existence, to prevent Manchuria from becoming a province of Imperial Russia. They smashed the armed might of Russia and captured South Manchuria and the railway as far as Changchun.

They might have gone farther in China after that, but the watching West became alarmed about its interests in that land, and now took a hand. Japan bowed to the West. She was content with the transfer of the Russian railway lease to herself, and an agreement to build no railways parallel to what is henceforth called the South Manchurian line. Patient people, the Japanese.

In 1915 Japan, thinking the West too busy in Europe to interfere, pressed her Twenty-one demands upon the Chinese. China would have fallen flat before them but for the intervention of Britain and America. Japan secured an extension of her leases to ninety-nine years, but she did not get Manchuria.

In 1918, at the time of the Siberian expedition, Japan had another try for Manchuria. Her troops overran Manchuria and Siberia as far west as Lake Baikal. Result: the Washington Conference, which made the Nine-Power Pact, gently set Japan back on her pre-War boundaries, but failed to solve or even to clarify the problem presented by a chaotic China.

Japan has had to deal with that problem alone. From 1920 onwards the Chinese authorities have been denying the legality of those lease extensions and actively trying to undermine the basis of the treaties upon which the whole standing of Japan in north-eastern Asia rests. It became increasingly clear that the time was fast approaching when Japan would have to have a show-down with the Chinese war lords, and especially with the Manchurian war lord, young Chang Hsueh-Liang, son of the old bandit chief, Chang Tso-lin, who perished at last when his train was bombed as it steamed back from Pekin to his stronghold at Mukden. Japan depends upon Manchuria for her supplies of timber, oil shale, coal, and iron. A quarter of a million of her citizens have settled there. She has sunk £200,000,000 in the country, creating out of a barren wilderness a prosperous modern state which has absorbed thirty millions of Chinese from China proper.

The offensive spirit of Chinese Nationalism would not let Japan alone in Manchuria. It had originally been aided by Moscow for the latter's own purposes. The Soviet has provided money, munitions, political and military advisers. They had backed and pushed young Chiang Kai-shek. The Japanese eyed this Nationalist-Communist phenomenon sidelong. They had no illusions about it. They took anticipatory action to protect themselves.

The Chinese armies approached Tsinanfu. The Japanese sent a large force to that city. Chiang Kai-shek fell back. But the coolie rabble which makes up so large a part of Chinese armies got out of hand. A serious clash was precipitated, in which the Nationalist armies were involved. The tongues which are ever ready to praise and blame in the Far East, began to get busy, accusing Japan, saying that she was reviving her old ambition to annex the rich province of Shantung.

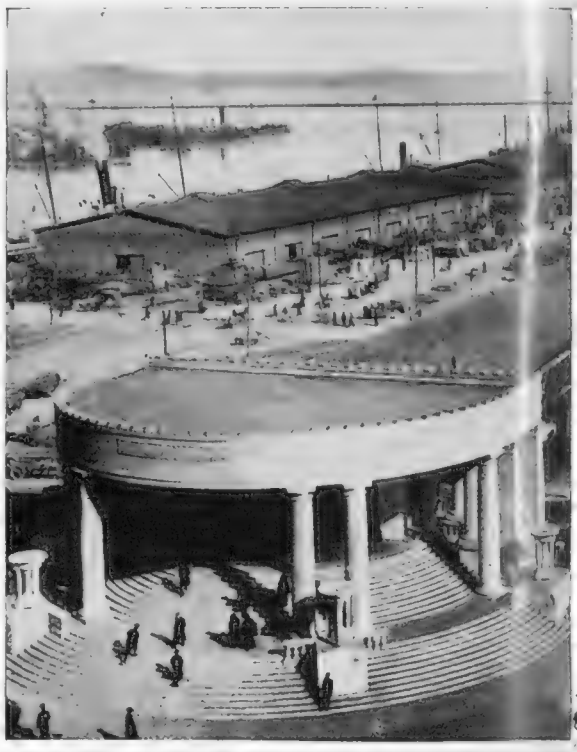
But just when these critics were shouting about the provocation given by the presence of Japanese troops, and what right had these troops several hundred miles in the interior of China, and what did they mean by seizing the railway which crossed the province of Shantung—just then, the Chinese Nationalist armies began to shoulder imperial Britain, not to mention America, and every other foreign power with a foothold in China. And the voices were lost in the rush of white troops to Shanghai, the barricading of the foreign settlements, the surge of war vessels of the West into the Yangtze River.

In the next year the attack upon foreigners in Nanking, the new capital of China, demonstrated the purpose of these forces, and the need for them.

A Japanese Ministry, which had allowed the Chinese rabble to massacre the 2,000 Japanese shopkeepers of Tsinanfu, would have been swept away in a burst of national rage. The Tokio Government, which had failed to take action in the more provocative circumstances leading up to the September explosion, would likewise have perished. That Cabinet anyway did fall on another issue while the Manchurian drive was on, and was replaced by a team which deserves more than a passing glance from those who believe that the Government of Tokio must be composed exclusively of jingos and die-hards.

Tsuyoshi Inckai himself, who heads it, is a veteran radical who, foremost in the agitation for parliamentary government in a Japan ruled by the "clans" and bureaucracy, befriended Sun Yat-sen and other Chinese Nationalists, took them under his protection and even into his house; and, in 1929 when Sun's body was laid in the magnificent mausoleum at Nanking, was present at the ceremony by special invitation of the Nationalist Government.

Inukai's Finance Minister is the octogenarian



JAPAN'S INTEREST IN MANCHURIA: *ments effected in the port by the Japanese who have, b it an up-to-date state which has*

WARRIORS OF NIPPON: *Japanese infantry the traditional type of sword, who have effectively looting troops who have made the*

PACIFIC: A Defence of Japan

The Continuous Policy of a Patient and Persistent Race Recorded

By C. PATRICK THOMPSON

Korekiyo Takahashi, one of the first Japanese to cross to the wonderland of the New World. He arrived in San Francisco as a stowaway in the 'sixties, was sold to an American as a slave, was rescued as a missionary and sent to school, and, eventually returning to his own country, prospered, and went back to the States as a financial magnate to float the first war loan in connection with the Russo-Japanese war.

Then there is Foreign Minister Yoshizawa, calm, suave, a scholar fond of quoting Shakespeare, Japan's former Paris Ambassador and spokesman at Geneva, and a tireless sender of Notes home urging his Government to curb the Army's power and activities in the field. And Jotaro Yamonoto, the former clerk in the New York offices of Mitsu and Company, now a financial magnate, an anti-conscriptionist, an advocate of armament reduction and the merging of the fighting services in a department of national defence.

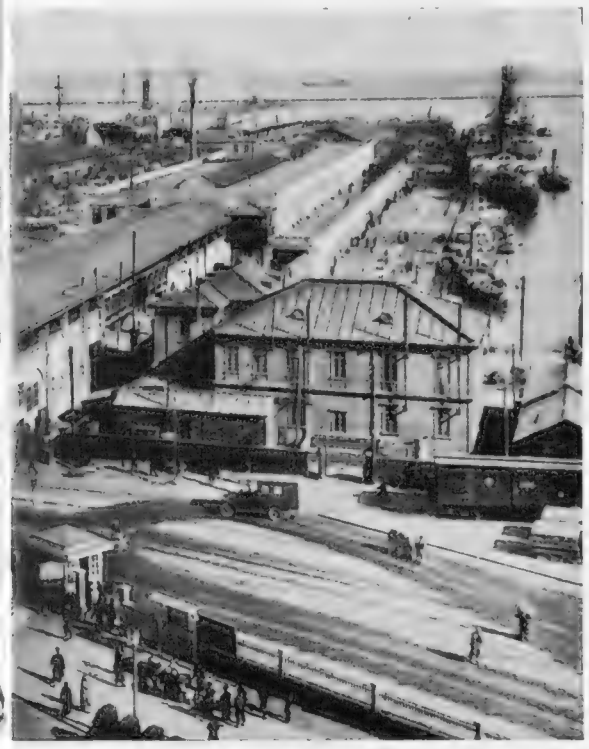
True, there are in Japan certain "powers behind the throne" who must be taken into consideration by any seeker for the sources of real power and policy in the Nipponese Empire. The Elder Statesmen are passing into history. But the old feudal families are not. They are only changing with the times. Choshus and Satsumas still provide the backbone of the warrior caste.

They lorded it over the old Nippon which the intruding West burst in upon with guns and goods. Standing dazed but with unquenched spirit amid the ruins of their obsolete forts and batteries, smashed first by the guns of the Americans and then by those of the British, they decided to adopt the weapons and ways of their conquerors—knowing they had been broken not by men but by machines which they could make and by knowledge which they could acquire. Now the Choshus dominate the Army, while the Satsumas control the Navy; and lately an Imperial Prince was appointed to the head of each service, the more closely to bind it and its fortunes to the ruling house.

It is this warrior caste which has developed behind the façade of democratic institutions a powerful party identified with expansionist aims, and a vigorous policy towards a China which continually obstructs and hinders Japan and seeks her ruin by indirect and tortuous means.

They have made Manchuria virtually a Japanese province now, securing control through local chieftains willing to work in with Japan. It is a method they have learned from the bookof British Imperial control in India and elsewhere.

Very swiftly and thoroughly the Japanese have taken possession of Manchuria's political, financial, and business organizations. Japanese "advisers," whose word is law for the Chinese officials, have been placed in all the key places in the provinces of Fengtien, Kirin and Heilungkiang. In Mukden you find the telephone exchange and the provincial bureau of finance and industry being run by Japanese, while the Chinese police take their orders from a Japanese police chief. Control of banks, industries, mines, public utilities, has been taken away from the Chinese. Eventually, Manchurian life will run on without all this open control by Japanese. Sino-Japanese management will replace it. But the controlling hand will remain in the formidable island empire across the narrow strip of sea.



A striking new picture from Dairen showing the improvements sinking two hundred millions sterling in the country, made given homes to thirty million Chinese

armed with modern rifles, headed by an officer bearing cleared Manchuria of wandering war lords and their land unsafe even for its inhabitants

As I write the expected news comes that the meeting of Japanese and Chinese commanders on the neutral ground of the British flagship *Kent* has resulted in an agreed basis for a peace settlement. Once again, the West has intervened, and Japan, with the wisdom of a general who knows when to advance, when to consolidate and when to retreat, steps back with a bow. It is not the end of the story, but it is the closing of another chapter in the significant history of Japan. It also gives the League of Nations another lease of life.

The League secretariat signalized the outbreak of hostilities between Japan and the Chinese war lords by turning itself into something indistinguishable from a Chinese propaganda bureau. America, no friend of the League, observed this and commented upon it with acerbity. "The League of Nations Secretariat," declared the Tory *Herald Tribune*, "has been consistently out of order throughout this whole Manchurian imbroglio." Even the *Christian Science Monitor*, influenced doubtless by the murder of missionaries and the general record of savagery, banditry, and cruelty in tuchum-ruled China, published two strongly pro-Japanese articles by a correspondent who had seen the hostilities on the spot.

Here, our League champions, like the Secretariat, went after Japan from the start. Lord Cecil thought very badly of her conduct, Sir Walter Layton talked strongly of Japan's "shame" and "dishonour," and even Professor Zimmern, usually so detached, lost his head a little in his excitement. and called the Shanghai affair "Belgium over again." Odd how these reactions run in academic intellectual groups. Quaint, too, to notice how Chinese provincial governors, recently denounced for excesses, misrule, murder, torture, and execution of Left journalists and editors, became, to those who cannot see the Asian wood for the Geneva shrubs, heroes comparable to those who resisted the German drive into France through neutral territory.

The truth is that Japan, unable to get her interests safeguarded in Geneva, took her own line, thereby upsetting the League apple cart. The real primary purpose of the League was to save the western world from another war more terrible, more widespread, more suicidal, than that which raged from 1914 to 1918. It was an ill omen that the creator of the League, Woodrow Wilson, was broken by his countrymen for bringing a child of so obviously dangerous potentialities into the world, and trying to

THE SPIRIT OF JAPAN: *The sword of the old regime in one hand and the latest pattern of modern Western revolver in the other*

fasten a large part of the paternity upon them. It is a further grim irony that the first acid test of the League was to be applied this week by two Oriental peoples, one a sturdy Imperialistic nation resembling in some respects the Imperial British, and the other a disorganized mass of Asiatics who have been making trouble for themselves and everybody else ever since they pulled down an effete Manchu monarchy and replaced government by emperor and viceroy with war lord and bandit rule.

The western Powers have found it a convenient fiction to accept China as a "nation" and the Nanking Government of Chiang Kai-shek and company as a National Government; and the Powers of the League have found a certain usefulness in having "China" added to the list of nations in the League. They did not anticipate that China would fail to pay her contributions (she now owes the League £350,000), and would unkindly proceed to endanger the very existence of the League by exercising her right as a member to demand an emergency General Assembly under Article 15 of the Covenant.

The danger to the League, which looked as if it might fly to pieces under this last strain, caused the chief Powers in it (and especially Britain) to redouble their efforts to bring about a Sino-Japanese settlement before the great Assembly day. America, forced to talk isolation and act co-operation, also found the situation so awkward that her State Department redoubled its pressure upon Japan, while, to reinforce Mr. Stimson's Notes, the Administration ordered the main strength of the U.S. Navy transferred to the Far East. It disturbed America enormously to think that if the day went against Japan at the Geneva Assembly, and the League, instead of breaking up, really proceeded to apply the pressure of an economic blockade, she—America—would have to do something in line with the League or be left out of the whole show.

In short, a most embarrassing outlook for everybody, not excluding the Japanese, who do not want to have all the West on their necks in this delicate matter of their Imperial aspirations in general and their family relations with China in particular.

A peace settlement offered the obvious solution.

Japan pauses. She consolidates. Her treaty rights are safe once more. So are her leases. Her anxieties about Manchuria are over. She has cooked Chang Hsueh-liang's goose. This is only 1932. The Emperors of Japan have only occupied the throne in an unbroken line for a thousand years. Hirohito is only the 123rd of his line. Clearly, there is no need for hurry. There is plenty of time.

For that is the motto of this persistent and pertinacious race: unhurried; patient; inflexible; even when conceding a point in their ultimate policy and their aim, the Japanese are the only race in Asia with a definite scheme and direction in the national mind. And it is to Japan that civilization must look to create in her continent the Occidental standards of progress, order, law, and social stability she has imposed upon herself, with the result that she is to the East what Britain is to the West—an infinitesimal island kingdom that dominates the land-locked mass.

THE QUEEN'S GOLDEN TOUCH

And Other Home Matters

THE QUEEN'S GOLDEN TOUCH: H.M. at Courtauld's stand during her visit to the textile section of the British Industries Fair at the White City, where she made several purchases

THE GOLD RUSH is not limited to London, but is spreading throughout the villages with surprising results

SAMPLE BEFORE THE SALE: Prospective purchasers of the effects of the Junior Athenæum Club, Pall Mall, consider some of the rare vintages on offer

WELL PROTECTED: Mr. G. N. Lorraine-Smith arrives at the Cambs. U. Steeplechases

M. RAVEL, IN LONDON with Mr. Harding, whose mother, Mme Alvar, held a reception for the distinguished composer

A CAMBRIDGE TALKIE: Mr. H. R. N. Rickett, President of the C.U.B.C., introduces Mr. J. M. Ranking, the cox, to the "mike" at Goring

"DISGRACEFUL RIDING KIT IN THE ROW" formed the subject of an outburst against these degenerate days by Sir Walter Gilbey this week. He resented the lack of formality as exemplified by the wearing of pull-overs and the abandonment of hats!

PERSONALITIES AT THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY GENERAL MEETING: Sir Evelyn Cecil, Mr. Holland Martin, Sir George L. Courtmope, Mr. Bishop (solicitor), Sir Herbert Walker (General Manager), and Lord Ebbisham at the meeting where a serious loss on Continental traffic was reported

AFRICA through an ARTIST'S EYE

and Wild Animals in Vigorous Action

IN FESTAL DRESS: A Patrician beauty of the Masai. The three pictures on this side of this page were taken by Baron Gourgaud and the late Hon. Captain Denys Finch-Hatton in a tour from Kenya to the Cape, of which they made a film

DERIVING FROM THE HAMITIC: A member of the Masai tribe which originated in Egypt. A cinematographic film of the Gourgaud-Finch-Hatton Expedition will shortly be seen in London—all of the scenes in which are actualities and not studio-made effects

FROM THE BELGIAN CONGO: A typical girl of the Mangbetu tribe which, with the Masai, is noted for its beauty. The film of the Gourgaud-Finch-Hatton Expedition, *La Figure d'Afrique*, has already been seen in Paris, Monte Carlo, and St. Moritz, in all of which places it has received great *réclame*. The musical setting recalls the hinterland of the jungle and the commentary by Baron Gourgaud is both succinct and expressive

IN FULL FLIGHT: An unusual picture of a rhinoceros covering ground at speed before the camera-laden motor-car of civilization. The hollow back of the beast contrasts with the "hump" of Zoo specimens

"THE MIGHTY BEAST THAT HATH A SERPENT FOR A HAND": The wild elephant of Africa has a hollow, not a humped back, which comes from his vigorous and free existence

WHITE RHINO is the rarest animal and, after the elephant, the largest land animal in the world. Compared to the black variety, the white rhinoceros is extremely docile

BUFFALO IN FLIGHT: The four pictures on this side of this page are drawn from the Gourgaud-Finch-Hatton and the Schomburgk Expeditions, and they have been specially selected to present to "Sphere" readers the difference in physique of beasts in the wild from those in captivity, the former having the hollow back of virile and vigorous activity, the latter the literal (and metaphorical) hump

WHERE TININESS IS BLISS

THE MOUNTAIN FASTNESS OF SAN MARINO: A general view the tower of the Regent's palace behind it,

While the great and far-flung of the earth are convened in difficult and distressful company at Geneva, one school seeking to maintain the what-we-have-we-hold idea, a second, quite sure the habitable globe has not reached its final state of partitioning, one may be pardoned asking, in the long run, *is there anybody happy anywhere?*—that is to say, any national entity? Are any people carrying on in conditions even approaching former content and detachment while all about are varying degrees of care and fear? Who, if anybody, has more or less escaped the sad tangle?

One conclusion imposes itself forthwith. It is no use looking among the bigger lands. Or even, for that matter, now among those of lesser—of Balkan stature. They are all well and truly touched by the wand of surgical change. In order to come up with less-harassed Governments one has to frequent smaller fry. Consider, for example, that the principal care of the Republic of San Marino is that one of its Regents recently let the country down, and that such a thing never having occurred in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, every citizen is determined to vindicate national honour at the election of Regents due to take place in three weeks time. Two men, good and true, shall be chosen, that the stain of bribery and corruption may be effaced from the Republic's escutcheon. There is much excitement about it on the Piazzetta del Titano. And Mussolini's four gift-guns are going to be fired on the great day. The rest of San Marino's armaments lie discarded in a dungeon.

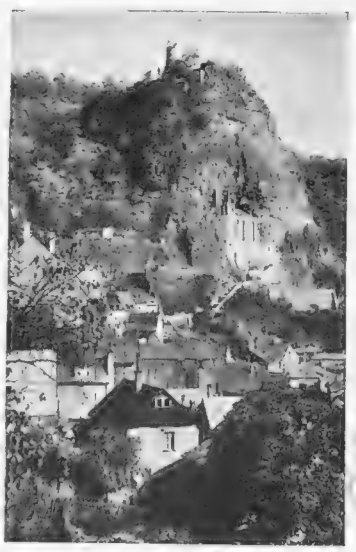
It seems better to be mountainous these times if you are out for relative content. San Marino is situate at 4,000 ft. in the Appennines, ten miles from the Adriatic town of Rimini. The Republic measures eight miles by five, and counts 12,000 inhabitants. The whole centre portion is composed of the triple-domed Mt. Titano on one of whose summits is the capital, also called San Marino, and which dominates

AN ALMOST TAXLESS PARADISE: A general view of Buchs, Liechtenstein, showing the Three Sisters, the famous peaks of the principality

the region right down to the calm, blue sea. In A.D. 700 a Dalmatian priest named Marinus found it convenient to dig in with a few friends on Mt. Titano. A century later the mountain-side was already a republic, but not until 1400 did San Marino assume its present proportions, and it has remained the same ever since. The Republic has been able to keep out of all the wars, down to the great one itself, and to-day as ever its one passion is for la Liberta which you find on everything—coins, stamps, statues, walls, prospectuses, post cards. If San Marino has a second passion, 'tis for great Latins. Napoleon, Garibaldi, and now Il Duce. Yes, Mussolini is very popular. Especially since he gave those four cannons. The San Marinians have even overlooked the fact that latterly they have become a Protectorate. But it would be such a shame to remind them of that. Evviva la Liberta! Soon, on April 1, all San Marino should be stridently crying that.

It happens twice a year, this election of a brace of Regents. Forty Regents every decade. In this manner pretty nearly every male of consequence is certain to be a Regent at one time or another in his life, certain to be solemnly enthroned and to attend a Te Deum. It is a great outlook. But you must not go up to San Marino (unless in your own car) for the festa should it be that you dislike garlic and horse-play, for you get your fill of both in the public conveyance. Such spirits! For a whole hour, too, as the ancient bus halts and jolts its way up from Rimini. One's companions are uniformly ill-clad, agricultural labourers they look, but how they seem to enjoy life, swigging down wine, bashing one another like schoolboys. On arrival, there is just one place for the visitor to go—the Inn of the Titan, on the main square, and whose bedrooms are more like ornamental salons. No running water here, but such intent to please, particularly in matters culinary, on the part of the family. (One leaves one's food to the taverner in mountain Republics the result would be the same anyway.) It is not possible to circulate easily to the other five villages of the Republic—the capital is much the largest, with over 2,000 inhabitants—but a visit that has to be made, unless you wish to hurt people's feelings, is up to the fortress of la Rocca, the pride of the country. Getting on for 600 years old, it is still the prison and arsenal of San Marino, although there hasn't been a prisoner since 1906, its sole occupant being an eagle, which likes the place, while the armament side consists of a heap of museum debris. The Duce's Crimean pieces had already been trundled below in preparation for the morrow's salute. Previously the King of Italy had presented some other cannon, but these, dating only from the early 'nineties, were considered altogether too difficult and dangerous.

At 10 a.m. the festa started of enthroning the two new Regents. The weather is apparently always beautiful save in mid-winter. From my balcony overlooking the Piazzetta I watched the great of the land assembling. Black was the keynote until the military materialized. The women wore it, the men had inevitable umbrellas 'neath a cloudless sky, the children presently paraded in black shirts. For an hour a band seemed to be collecting people in back streets and leading them on to the square—always to the anthem of the country, its only tune, chiefly a bassoon affair. Then, when everybody had assembled round the goddess of liberty facing Government House, out came the noble guard—dressed by Clarkson—and clicked heels to the raucous calls of a general. The noble guard had everything hanging from them, medals, gold cord, swords, moustaches. They were a vivid splash of scarlet and orange in all that Fascist black. While they stood at the salute to an umpteenth national anthem, the new Regents were receiving plenary powers within the decrepit palazzo on the balcony of which presently appeared two heralds who played the national anthem on trombones and said, "Watch-out—they are about to appear." Which duly occurred, the new rulers issuing from the main doorway followed by all the officers of state, bowing left and right to a storm of evvivas! and to the national anthem which this time brought the noble guard to a quivering salute. The new Regents were garbed not unlike what George Graves would do with a French President of Baron Popoff lineage. Yet dignity held them as they proceeded to the cathedral to meet the bishop. The real ceremony, however, was to succeed this sacerdotal interlude: the actual enthronement in the palazzo. The two outgoing and the two incoming rulers lined up before a couple of golden thrones (soon when the scene is repeated, there should be only three Regents present, one being presumably up with that eagle), and after the Minister of Foreign Affairs had read the change-over, the outgoing rulers gave their insignia and orders to the newcomers, bowed deeply, and withdrew. And then the two new Regents slowly approached the thrones, taking great care to sit down the same second—most important. And then we had the national anthem while the Duce's cannon belched forth thunder that echoed up Mount Titano and down again.



A STATE THAT LIVED FOR A DAY: Obersiein, in the Duchy of Birkenfeld, which was induced by France to secede from Prussian influence

There seemed to be one very popular general store on the Piazetta. I watched literally everyone who was anyone going in there at one time or another. The Foreign Minister went in several times. On my way to the bus I went in also. One of the new Regents was there having a glass. And the girl behind the counter really was pretty. Only—a grim and obvious male parent sat watch over her, umbrella handy.

San Marino has four counterparts on the Continent. Some might throw in Danzig and Luxembourg but they are not the same thing. Indeed, were I to add to my four, I should certainly put in the gipsies of the Burgenland though they do not form a recognized independent state. As evidence of their separateness, however, I give you this description of them from a Viennese paper, and tell me if they will not be a loss to ever drabber, more standardized Europe:—

"Austria must do something about these ex-Hungarian citizens. They now number over seven thousand and their habit is to increase rapidly. They live anything from ten to twenty to a hut. Less than four hundred can be listed as following definite callings. The principal means of subsistence is begging, and since 1925 nearly four thousand have been in the hands of the authorities for theft or kindred violations of the law. As times grow harder they offer an increasingly difficult problem. For the present, the police are resting content with taking all finger-prints over the age of fourteen.

"No one knows whence these people come. Some say originally a low Indian caste. They have their own laws, morals, and leaders. Their incomprehensible dialect contains many Greek words. They are spread over the whole southern Burgenland which is become really a state within a state. Others are afraid of them. Their ways are most primitive and unseemly. Their favourite dish is roast hedgehog. They are very prone to wearing the brightest red and green, like brandy neat, and smoke pipes heavily—the women as well."

A miniature state probably happy to-day, yet which doesn't correspond to separateness half as much as this Romany migration, is the Duchy of Birkenfeld, in between the Saar and the Palatinate. Birkenfeld is mostly wood-cutters and its Government offices are, or were, in wooden huts-ments at Idar. Here were to be found functioning one memorable morning both the Prime Minister and his Secretary for Foreign Affairs. You might say all the modern history of Birkenfeld came to be compressed

THE RULER OF MONACO: Prince Louis who is too French for the Monégasques

It is Only Population

in the Minute Principalities and Powers where the is Not Oppressed with Taxation, Armaments, and the Many Ills to which Modern Man is Heir

By FERDINAND TUOHY

of the third tower showing on the left the Capuchin monastery with and in the foreground, the second tower

into that morning of July 14, 1919. The front pages of the newspapers of two hemispheres rang then with the coup d'état of Birkenfeld and such contemporary supermen as Mr. Lloyd George and President Wilson were awfully annoyed.

The Duchy depends from the Palatinate which the French were then trying to break off from the Reich. But they wanted the operation to look as voluntary as possible in order to fit in with the song of the hour, self-determination. The Palatinate wasn't accommodating, so the notion occurred to a certain Major Bastiani, representing Marshal Foch up at Idar, to organize a voluntary breaking free of Birkenfeld from the German Reich. (Beginning of bigger things to follow.) Bastille Day was chosen for the official proclamation of the Birkenfeld Republic under French protection. But before the sun had set on the tricolour, two of the Big Four, abovementioned, were despatching angry, spluttering telegrams to the "Tiger," blaming him, hinting he was in the plot, and demanding the immediate rescinding of the proclamation. For a brief moment Birkenfeld lived in the world's news. Then it went on woodcutting.

And so to a very different piece of tininess: Monaco.

The Monégasques are just hereabouts having such a thinnish time—for them—that probably few would acquiesce in the adjective blissful being ascribed to their lot. Politically and economically the inhabitants of the famous rock are not now feeling conspicuously happy. Yet relativity must be brought into play; beside others, the inhabitants of the Principality are still quite lucky in many things. Let them harken back to their forbears of only three score years ago. Monaco, before the coming of the Blanc gambling epoch, was a sleepy fishing centre whose very dynasty was only too ready to sell any concession sought for. Followed the great days of "the Rooms" which were perpetuated right up to 1914 with constantly growing benefits to the natives who progressively increased to be over 20,000 in number (not counting a further 10,000 foreigners, chiefly Italians). Monaco and Monte Carlo spread and spread physically. And everything was lovely. Taxation was a joke. The Casino provided most things gratis, even to medical attendance and free seats for the opera. The French protected the little State, obviating all save a comic opera armed contingent. More or less free trade kept the price of commodities absurdly low. Rents were a bagatelle. And foreign money did not cease pouring in. From humble fisherfolk, the inhabitants grew to be people of commerce and affairs. And incessantly the wonderful sun shone, making life so *far niente*. If the outside world criticized on occasion the central local means of livelihood, the misery, the deaths, necessarily provoked by the gaming rooms, the good Monégasques saw nothing in it all but—bliss. In those days they did not care who ruled them. The matter hardly arose. Few things arose, which would be one of the delights of life.

THE RULER OF LIECHTENSTEIN: Prince Francis who has to pay his own civil list

It is a somewhat different tale to-day. In the year succeeding the War (which saw the rock a lung camp for gas cases), rivals dared to lift themselves along the coast, while much of the former reckless and prodigal clientele of "Monte"—Russians, Germans, Austrians, Central Europeans, Balkanites—was scattered in the maelstrom. Next, the Rooms showed a falling-off in favour. And then there ensued the world slump. The natives were no longer simple fisherfolk but had become calculating "commercants." They began to grumble at this and that. They demanded self-determination which their Prince, a former French general, declined to grant. On the contrary, the Principality passed more and more under Paris control which was not much to local liking. The *Havas* agency became all-puissant; the directorate of the Casino, which paid for and kept the State, was liberally sprinkled with Paris politicians; the Prince himself was 100 per cent. French nationalist. And there were other matters, less openly alluded to. Finance, customs, justice, diplomacy, passed to France in all save name. Even the neighbouring gendarmerie could motor in and out, after suspects, at will. Indignation meetings would be held, and the indignation did not subside when gradually the fount of all well-being, the Casino, began cutting down its allowance to the Municipality. (Something like 15 per cent. of profits from the gambling was then still made over for the general upkeep.)

The natives studiously avoided their Sovereign on his rare visits, and they demanded home rule. They even held vociferous elections, and some years ago they actually started crowding up the hill to the Palace. They still have no self-government, and perhaps it is as well in view of the scandal in which several local leaders were not long since involved. Nor does the future offer a great deal, politically, the French having made it clear that they regard Monaco as of importance strategically, and that should any serious disturbance eventuate—fanned, so they aver, by neighbouring Fascism—in a twinkling the Principality would be absorbed as an eighty-fourth department of the Republic. And then there would be even less bountifulness from the Casino which would have to pay the 60 per cent. on profits tax to the rue de Rivoli, a tribute that organization escapes doing under its present concession.

ONLY AN EDEN: Monaco, whose princely palace is seen above, is no longer a paradise, for the serpent of discontent has raised its head

After a hectic awakening the Monégasques look like having to be content with a life in somewhat lesser key. Still their independent status does continue to be a boon. They have only to contemplate some of the disadvantages of being French at the moment to realize the fact. For one thing, they have all the advantage of being defended without ever having themselves to go to war.

This last consideration operates generally with the pigmy states. It had eloquent illustration some years ago in the case of the Grand Duchy of Liechtenstein.

Liechtenstein lies between the Austrian province of Vorarlberg and the Swiss canton of St. Gall, measures about a hundred square miles in extent, and is populated by some 9,000 hardy mountain folk. It is now as good as a Swiss protectorate, but in the War it was thoroughly German, or rather, Austrian, without however "coming in." It didn't see why it should, and peacefully continued about its business of cattle rearing, with side earnings from the export of milk products, fruit, and wine. (Fortunately for Liechtenstein—as with all these pigmies—industry occupies but a small leavening of the population, actually, some 700 in wool factories.) Austria was thoroughly vexed and brought pressure to bear, but the natives clung to their neutrality. They had had enough of wars and had discarded their last weapons back in 1866 after, incidentally, rather an alarming experience. After the Austro-Prussian War they were overlooked at the peacemaking, and discovered, in 1870, that they were still at war with Prussia. Nevertheless the Liechtensteiners owe much to Austria, which took them in hand when they were running into decay during the nineteenth-century industrial revolution in progress all around them. Vienna presented Vaduz, the capital, with the fittings of a modern state. Even the Prince was a Viennese and lived in Vienna during most of his record reign (1858–1929). This was Johann II, and he had to put up with a revolution ten years ago as an octogenarian.

THE MOUNTAIN HEAVEN: A scene in Andora, a state now in danger of losing its character by modernization, but which still retains much of its old-world charm

This befell when his subjects definitely decided to switch over to Switzerland as a safer bet in the future and to forsake Vienna lock, stock, and barrel.

Johann was told about this and, when he demurred, was further informed that henceforward, far from the State paying him a civil list he, the Prince, would be required to make over a matter of 550,000 Swiss gold francs annually to the national coffers. (Johann, in passing, was the only Germanic monarch to survive the tumult.) To-day there reigns Francis I, who was formerly Austrian ambassador in St. Petersburg, and he has to pay this heavy personal charge or else 400 burghers would summon the Landtag, as that number can do, and oust him. It is a convenient statute, because 600 burghers, meeting together, can dismiss the Landtag. This convenes once a year, briefly, and is made up of fifteen deputies, half from the Ober and half from the Unterland. But for 350 days in the year Liechtenstein is run by three chosen permanent officials. It is said to have no taxes, but that is hardly true.

There are now light imposts on property, commerce, and even the suggestion of income-tax. Everything has been remodelled on Switzerland, and Berne pays 250,000 gold francs annually to Vaduz in lieu of the latter continuing to collect money from customs. That sum, plus the Prince's civil list, serves to maintain the tiny state which, should Germany ever again be in the ascendancy, might quite well elect to complete the triangle and opt to be kept by the Reich.

Lastly, Andorra.

Andorra has no legislation at all. There is a head tax of 25 centimes. Annual tribute amounting to £8 (at par) is paid to France, and nothing to the other protecting power, Spain. Andorra, for simplicity of government, has them all beaten. It hasn't

(Continued on p. 376)

BEHIND the SCENES on MOVING STAGES

AT DRURY LANE: The cabaret incident towards the end of the Coward-Cochran success, *Cavalcade*, in preparation. The massive scenery is being swung round on the right

AT THE HIPPODROME: The task of the scene shifters who handle the scenery of *Bow Bells* is a novel and intricate one. Much of the scenery is hinged and folds like a concertina

THE CONTROL ROOM OF *CAVALCADE*: To the right is seen Mr. Dan O'Neil, and to the left, also with his hand on a control switch, is the assistant stage manager, Mr. Tom Robinson

A SIDE-LONG GLIMPSE: A carpentry view of the troopship in the Boer War episode of *Cavalcade*

"BOW BELLES" RESTING: The cameraman has caught an unconventional moment behind the scenes at the Hippodrome

THREADING THROUGH DARKNESS TO THE SCENE: Miss Mary Clare, the heroine of *Cavalcade*, has frequently to find her way to the next scene in almost complete darkness

BEHIND THE SCENES IN *BOW BELLS*: The old and the new Dick Whittington. Mr. Robert Hale on the left, Miss Binnie Hale on the right, are chatting in the wings with the production and stage director, Mr. Charles Henry

A "Sphere" photographer has attempted to give some visual impression of life behind the scenes on a modern revolving stage. Both *Cavalcade* at Drury Lane, and *Bow Bells* at the Hippodrome, are produced under very novel conditions induced by the revolving of the central portion of the floor of the stage on a central pivot.

The SURVEY of the SPHERE

SHANGHAI FORGOTTEN: New York's Chinatown celebrates its New Year festival in traditional style with ideographic banners and, for a few hours, forgets the all-engrossing situation in its land of origin

ON TRIAL: M. Henri Bender, an *hôtelier* of Paris, arraigned for murder on a charge of killing one of his patrons after a violent quarrel. M. Bender is seen above with counsel and warders at the Paris Assizes

LEARN WHEN YOU'RE OUT OF A JOB is the motto of several Dutch municipalities, and in pursuance of this policy special courses are arranged. This view shows a mechanical drawing class at Dordrecht

SPORT-CONSCIOUS! A couple of Cologne girls, undeterred by the icy winter weather, paddle their own canoe in bathing dresses—a scene very typical of the hardy *sportsmädchen* of modern (Hitlerist) Germany

THE HEALER OF OHIO: "Ed" Sorgen, whose aid is sought by hundreds, cures disease by cutting bark from a tree and taking hairs from the patient's head and sealing the hairs in the tree. The utterance of an incantation transfers the disease to the tree! Mr. Sorgen is here seen supervising the operation

CONSULS CONSOLIDATED! A group of foreign Consuls-General in New York were entertained to lunch at the Chrysler Building, and were then taken up to the tower and shown in all its glory the city in which their jurisdiction runs. Ten nationalities appear in this picture

BOOKS—

Scott a Literary God: History from the Roman Viewpoint: A Society Menagerie: Radclyffe Hall Disappoints: Three Unmemorable Novels

By CECIL ROBERTS

The vogue of biography continues, and the acid test applied by Lytton Strachey with such success is still popular. It happens that this week we have three biographies which revert to the old style of enthusiastic treatment. That is, they are all books in which their authors approach their subjects as heroes, with admiration, with a tendency to magnify the qualities of head and heart, instead, as is now so usual, of subjecting the victims to a pitiless process of psycho-analysis.

He is a brave author who sits down to write a life of Scott. There have been three such books in the last twelve months. The great novelist has been deposed from his pedestal. He has been revealed as a shameless job-seeker, a man not above tinkering with accounts, a grasping snob whose ledger manœuvres would not have won the approval of any chartered accountant. Lockhart's Life was certain to bring Nemesis down upon its subject. But Scott will survive the post-War school of libel as a figure in literature, even though his books do not survive. I cannot help wondering whether he is still read. To-day I must confess I find him quite unreadable. I do not believe in his heroes nor in his Drury Lane version of history. He was a slapdash artist who took little trouble to check his facts. The speed at which he wrote and published was too great for accuracy. But he had what the present age of Chelsea sophisticates lacks, he had faith and gusto. His labours at the end were heroic. His patriotism was deep-seated, for he believed in the divine right of Kings, and brought one to Scotland, gathering the clans to pay him honour. He loved playing the laird, his sideboard groaned with food even while his desk groaned with manuscripts and unpaid bills. His fame was such that it served to eclipse Wellington's when the two giants met in Paris.

MYNHEER HERMAN DE MAN, whose fine *genre* novel, *Rising Waters*,—a study of the Dutch peasantry in its age-long flight against the encroachments of the sea—translated by Dr. G. J. Renier (author of the brilliant *The English: Are they Human?*), has just been published by The Bodley Head

Dame Una Pope-Hennessy's *The Laird of Abbotsford* (Putnam. 7s. 6d.) is a well-written, well-balanced book presenting Scott with fearless honesty and impartiality. The figure that emerges is an attractive one. Divorced from Lockhart's praise, he is still a man of heroic build. Dame Hennessy has boiled down that tremendous biography, she has weeded out the irrelevant facts, has carefully balanced the praise and criticism, and, writing with a keen eye for a scene, she has given us a most compact and readable life of the novelist. "If a man achieves success in any walk of life, but more especially in literature, the world soon wears a path to his door," writes Dame Hennessy. All the world certainly came to Scott's door, with the result that this book is a mirror of the age. It is doubtful whether any literary man, however much of genius he may be, will ever again exercise the power and reap the homage that came to Scott. Our gods are born every morning and die each evening. The newspaper that pays them divine honours on Monday is wrapping up fish on Tuesday. There is a queue at the gates of Parnassus, and the attendant critics stand there shouting, "Pass along, please!" Dame Hennessy's book will serve to remind us what the quality of fame was in the days when it was worth possessing.

I have greatly enjoyed *Emperor of the West*, by D. B. Wyndham Lewis (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 8s. 6d.). But after I had read the first hundred pages of this carefully written narrative of the life of Charles V, I became suspicious. Mr. Lewis is out to reverse the verdict of history. He is always alert when a chance arose of giving a Protestant a kick, and in the epilogue he unmasks himself and emerges as a downright champion of Holy Catholic Church. In defence of his faith he challenges the whole army of historians. There is a cool fury in his attacks upon the accepted figures, and it would seem that we have been fed on the most shameless lies by our historians. Mr. Lewis's estimate of Cromwell, for instance, reverses the Noll of our text-books.

When Mr. Lewis gets the bit in his mouth he is a galloper. Luther, too, is not spared. Duke George of Saxony is quoted with gusto. "He is the most deliberate liar I have ever known." "And," adds Mr. Lewis, "Luther's curious preoccupation with obscenity, growing stronger towards the end of his life, is an aspect of the complex *Lutherpsychologie* which has somehow been overlooked by Kraft-Ebing." This is an unusually brilliant book with a great figure walking through its pages. The emperor, Charles V, built up a mighty empire, he almost achieved our later dream, the United States of Europe. In a period of tremendous prodigality he moved in splendour across the scene with figures like Henry the Eighth, Wolsey, Pizarro, Cortes, the Fuggers, and François I on the backcloth. Mr. Lewis presents a bewildering drama of intrigue, fanaticism, passion, and idealism. The end is as fantastic as the mind of man could imagine.

Mr. Lewis has done well to focus attention upon the most dynamic figure of the Renaissance. As for his propaganda, it is well to hear the other side, and it need not interfere with our enjoyment.

I cannot take the Duc de Morny as seriously as does Mr. Maristan Chapman in his study, *Imperial Brother* (Allan and Co. 12s. 6d.). The natural son of a queen and a nobleman, his grandfather was Tallyrand, he was the grand dilettante of the Second Empire, doing all things and none of them with any distinction. His influence upon his half-brother, Napoleon III, was small, but good so far as it went. He married a princess who moved about with a private menagerie, and "menagerie" is the word that most frequently comes to mind in a survey of this restless, inconstant figure. Mr. Chapman understands his period well, but I am quite unable to accept the form of biography that he chooses. It is most haphazard in its documentation. What authority has he for the pages and pages of dialogue that he puts into the mouths of his figures? One half of this book seems to belong to fiction, with a freedom that even M. Maurois has never allowed himself in his imaginative reconstruction of the scene. There is a freshness, however, which is very commendable, and Mr. Chapman might do well to turn to fiction pure and simple. He evokes his scenes with force and economy.

I turned to the new novel, *The Master of the House*, by Radclyffe Hall (Cape. 7s. 6d.), with considerable anticipation. Alas, it is a disappointing work. It suffers from too much labour. Miss Hall has set out to write a novel of Provence. She has obviously given long study to the scene the dialect, the characterization. The fault is that the book never lives. It is over-burdened with characters whose very names are a trial to the mind, the events it evokes are insignificant, and much fine writing is devoted to a folk study. The friendship between the two boys, Christophe and Jan, is beautifully developed, but it never touches high drama. And Miss Hall has resorted in the end to what is almost a trick of hers. In that magnificent story, *Adam's Breed*, the end is ruined by the absurdity of the chief figure. He is turned into a religious maniac and goes wandering in the woods. The same end is repeated here, in different terms. Christophe in a delirium wanders into the ranks of the enemy, and is taken and crucified by the Turks. I cannot help feeling this type of ending is a little hysterical. If the book as a whole fails, it is a piece of sincere, fine writing such as one expects from Miss Hall. I think she has laboured too much to present a study which lacks the compelling interest we expect in fiction.

Three novels, *Of Unsound Mind*, by Tangye Lean (Cobden Sanderson. 7s. 6d.), *Fugue*, by Olive Moore (Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.), *Free Love*, by Alexander Kollontai (Dent. 7s. 6d.), have passed through my mind and left no impression whatever. The first is well written with nothing to say, the second has much to say and is one long stutter in a gatling-gun style, and the third is a bewildering mass of uncouth figures jerked noisily across a half-set stage. Surely it is the duty of a novelist to tell a story? The manner of the telling may not matter, but interest is essential. I cannot find in any of these books, clever as they are at moments, a compelling interest. One has to labour to carry on and, at the end, the sum of enjoyment is nil.

I refuse to be depressed by Dr. Ludwig Bauer's grim study of Europe, *War Again To-Morrow* (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.), I feel the logic of his case is incontestable, that he is correct in his picture of Europe drifting to destruction. He is utterly honest in his analysis of our ills. He can look at his own country with detachment. I have read no other book which so clearly and fearlessly examines the European case. As for the conclusion, I do not fear the worst, because the worst requires so much energy. We are all too tired, too taxed, and too disillusioned to go to war.

RECOMMENDED LIST

"Life and Work of Goethe," by J. E. ROBERTSON (Routledge. 12s. 6d. net); "From Information Received," by CECIL BISHOP (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d. net); "Melba," by PERCY COLSON (Grayson. 18s. net); "My Indian Summer," by MAUD VALERIE WHITE (Grayson. 15s. net); "Easter Island," by ROBERT J. CASEY (E. Mathews and Marrot) "The Epic of America," by J. TRUSLOW ADAMS (Routledge. 15s. net); "Reflections in Jamaica," by MARY GAUNT (Benn. 8s. 6d. net); "Sunset," by FRANK MORISON (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d. net); "Summer's Night," by SYLVIA THOMPSON (Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net)

SPEARS AGAINST US by CECIL ROBERTS

(Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. net.)

As it is manifestly impossibly for Mr. Cecil Roberts to criticize his own work, a review of Spears Against Us *by another hand appears below.*—Editor, SPHERE

A cynic once said: "Set a novel in Tyrol and it writes itself." And *Spears Against Us* reads as though it has written itself, for Mr. Roberts is one of those increasingly rare writers who believe in the old maxim, *Ars est celare artem*. Here is no pretentious parade of cleverness, no obvious and self-conscious wit, though the book possesses both; but so subtly, so ingenuously is it done that it is only in retrospect that these qualities of the author are realized. While reading, it is the novel, and not the novelist, that rivets the attention.

(Continued on p. 376)

Navana

THE NEW LOVER. In *Waltzes from Vienna*, at the Alhambra, is Mr. George Voltaire, who plays Johann Strauss, Jnr., at four of the six weekly matinées. With him is Miss Adrienne Brune who plays the leading lady at these performances. At other performances the rôles are played by Mr. Esmond Knight and Miss Borghild Bodom

PLAYS—

Herbert on Freedom at the Unnecessary

By PHILIP

Mr. A. P. Herbert, appearing both before the curtain and before the play at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, the other night, told us that

"Bold is the poet, and his fate unsure,
Who makes an opera about the poor,"

That, of course, depends upon what sort of poor they happen to be. *La Bohème*, an opera about Bohemians starving and shivering in a garret, enjoys such overwhelming success that not much boldness is required in following on the same lines, unless the fame of the composer induces a certain reticence. Charpentier made a fortune out of *Louise*, a story of humble working folk. But in both these cases Paris was the scene, and perhaps that makes all the difference. The British poor have never proved either grand-operatically or light-operatically attractive—for *The Beggar's Opera* is going rather too far back. There has been a fairly big bunch (*Cherry* and the like) of operettas and musical comedies about costers and 'Arrys and 'Arriets and other noble figures of the gorblimey type, and always have they failed. Expert opinion has it that Cockney humour does not amuse those whom it "guys," and that it soon palls on the stalls; and also that your revue or musical-comedy patron likes to see the latest hats, and not those "wiv fevvers on," which at moments of carnival are placed upon male heads. It may be so.

In any case, Mr. Herbert's *Derby Day* is likely to be justified, boldness and all. It is in good Herbertian vein, not quite so amusing as its predecessor, because its theme has not quite the same possibilities, but at least ten times better than the romantic musical entertainments on the other side of Piccadilly Circus. Of course the pub, the publican, the barmaid, and the tipster are idealized and properly Hammersmithed, just as the people in *The Beggar's Opera* had no more than a smattering of Newgate about them. The author is merely using them as puppets for a delightful entertainment. He is also making them a background for the letting-forth of that which boils within his freedom-loving soul—the rage at the fanatics and tyrants and Paul Prys, who would—no, by goodness, who *do!*—father us with imbecile restrictions. He has the good sense to do this in a good-humoured way, otherwise we should have been confronted with a propaganda play, which is dull in whichever direction it propagands. But I am pretty sure that Mr. Herbert does not really set much store on *Derby Day*, except as a British institution, and that he worried very little more than I did about that story of a romantic barmaid and the sympathetic tipster, and the favourite which did not win. He did not even concentrate on beer so much as on the people who would prevent us drinking it.

The libretto is witty, particularly the lyrics. There is a first-rate song sung by an undergraduate son of righteous parents whose very righteousness has forced him into evil ways. Mr. Bruce Henderson, who sings it, is that rare blessing—a young man who can act and sing without possessing a permanent wave and temporary sibilants. There is a witty quintet, sung to a horse's

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE GUN between the judge (Mr. Frank Cellier) and his mistress (Miss Sunday Wilshin) in *Sentenced* at the Comedy—a play based on a judge sentencing a man to death for a killing of which he has been both the intentional cause and the inadvertent agent

"HE WAS MY FRIEND": Messrs. Lyn Harding and Godfrey Tearle in the rôles of Julius Cæsar and Mark Antony in the all-star production of the Shakespearian classic which has revived both the Tree tradition of splendour at His Majesty's and the interest of the G.P.B. in their master Bard

Lyric: Revival at Daly's: An Importation

PAGE

head. There is a good rollicking ditty from Mr. Scott Russell, admirable as the landlord of the "Black Horse." Mr. Alfred Reynolds's score is clever and dainty and he can show a sense of humour in his orchestration. Only in the sentimental parts does the music seem to overload the story, not in quality but in quantity; some of those love-duets might have a verse cut out.

Miss Tessa Deane, as Rose, the self-educated barmaid, displayed any amount of self-possession and sang well the night I saw her, in spite of a cold. What she did not suggest (because it was impossible for her to suggest any such thing) was that she was the type of young woman to marry a poor man instead of a rich one. Mr. Leslie French let us see that he has a knack of character-acting instead of being just a nice clean youth. Mr. Frederic Austin was dignified enough as the baronet who owned horses, dismissed his son in a tantivy towering rage, but was dominated by his wife. Miss Mabel Sealby was not nearly fierce and nasty enough as that really damnable woman. It was not Miss Sealby's fault that she is much too delightful even to pretend to be a prohibitionist busybody.

Sir Nigel Playfair has produced in a tiny space a good suggestion of the Derby Day crowd, and the dance by a row of female jockeys suggested that he is a formidable rival to, say, Mr. Ralph Reader.

If the late Harry Pelissier and his "Follies" were still in existence and still burlesquing musical comedy, they would probably evolve something very like the present revival at Daly's of *San Toy*. I remember going, as an enthusiastic schoolboy, to the original production of this play in 1899 and liking the tunes—which are still the best part of the play. A dose of reality since then has made us alter our views about the vocal expression of patriotism on the other side of the footlights. But patriotism of the musical order was very much to the fore about thirty years ago, both on and off the stage. There is nothing overwhelmingly brainy about the musical comedy of to-day, though we usually have the sense to let the hero be funny if he can, and to let such gaiety as the authors and performers can muster permeate the whole entertainment. The late Victorian and the Edwardian plan was to cut the thing up into water-tight compartments, with the hero (in a uniform) dreadfully noble and solemn and sentimental.

Mr. Frederic Bentley in the Huntley Wright part is, as it were, labelled funny; so he is correspondingly ignoble and unsolemn. I have an idea that a Daly's Chinaman would appear funnier to the Chinese—a dignified race—than he does to me. But Mr. Bentley is replete with topical "gags," and is most agile. Glad though one should be that Mr. Leo Sheffield is in this cast—or in any cast—I doubt the wisdom of engaging him for any musical show with a Far Eastern setting; since those who cannot help associating him with *The Mikado* have to reflect how difficult it is to be satisfied with the small beer of musical comedy after the fine vintage wine of Gilbert and Sullivan. What, after all, is the use of comparisons if one does not make them?

Miss Rita Page is no songster, and there are better dancers. But she has an easy way with her, and a knack of making a semi-comic line wholly comic. "Rhoda and Her Pagoda," that time-honoured favourite, took on a freshness in her hands.

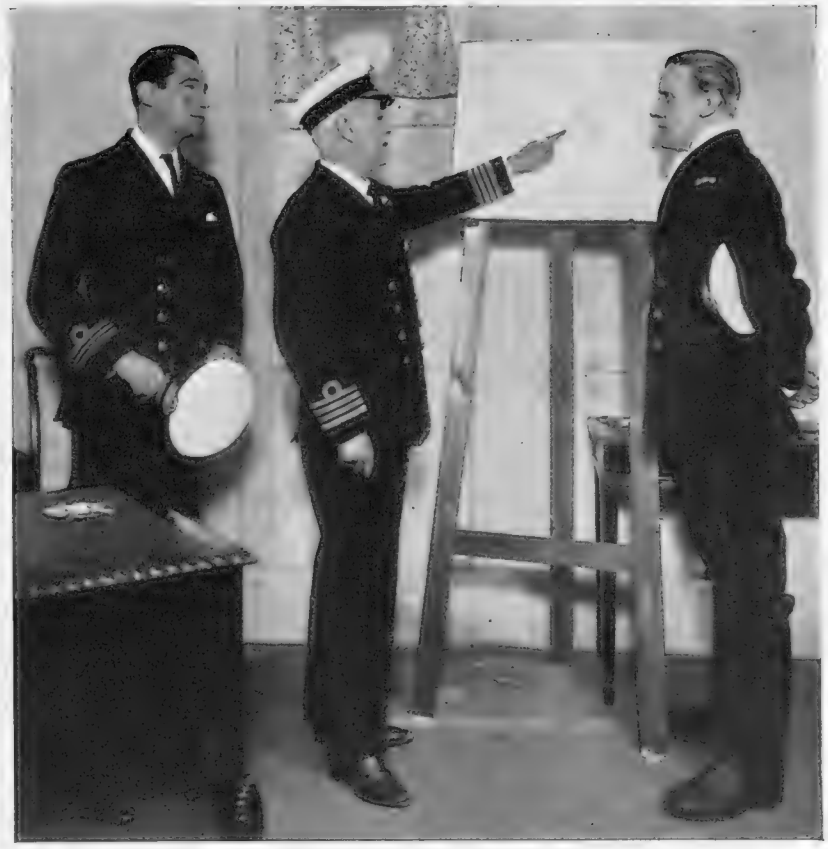
Miss Jean Colin, who plays San Toy, obviously enjoys herself immensely on the stage, and is full of enthusiasm and ambition. There is no harm in that, of course; indeed, it is both a virtue and an asset. But Miss Colin, who is not without prettiness and talent, has yet to know the value of repose and the danger of over-emphasis.

If you can avoid jibbing at the improbability, even for farce, of a firm of cigarette-makers engaging, suddenly and without references, as an advertisement manager, a man in dungarees who is doing something to the roof, then you will be in the mood for *Lovely Lady*, a play with music at the Phœnix Theatre. For a time I wondered at the purport of that ladder and coil of rope outside the window. Then came the realization that they were there in order that Mr. Edmund Gwenn should have the rope tied round his tummy and be suspended like a spider. I wish I could have laughed at this instead of wishing that so excellent an actor as Mr. Gwenn had been spared the indignity. However, there were other occasions on which he had an opportunity to be genuinely funny and also to act, and he made the most of them.

Lovely Lady tells of how a young penniless girl from America, with no knowledge of the world, walks by mistake into the office of a London cigarette firm. She is engaged as suddenly and as unaccountably as the afore-mentioned advertisement manager, her job being to be the bride with £5,000 dowry, of the man who draws a coupon in a cigarette. A hairy sea-captain claims her, but a coal-black mammy turns up to claim *him*, so the girl marries the advertisement manager. There *may* have been sillier stories!

All the more credit is due, therefore, to Mr. Arthur Wimperis, always a master of the witty dialogue and the well-turned lyric, for having made so neat, and on the whole, so amusing a job of the adaptation. I imagine plenty of licence is allowed in this sort of work, and has manifestly been taken. I did not see this farce in the original German. It may be supposed that Waterloo Place, with a view of the Duke of York's Column, did not figure in it, and neither did Richmond. Why then should the heroine be immutably American? I grant that it would have been absurd to engage an English girl to play the American part, and to saddle her with an American accent—though this is not an impossible absurdity. But if changes of *locale* can be made so easily, why not changes of personality and nationality? Except for the accent (and even that is not an insurmountable obstacle), there is no earthly reason why an English girl should not have played this part. Miss Polly Walker, who has been imported from New York, is competent, but not more than that. She can sing a little, act a little, and dance very well indeed. But I saw no signs of her being indispensable to this or to any other play.

To Mr. Barry Lupino can only be employed that much over-worked word—triumph. His fooling is immense.



THE ORDERS GIVEN: The Captain of the flotilla (Mr. H. G. Stoker) instructs the commander of the submarine *Isis* (Mr. Anthony Ireland) to carry out fleet manœuvres under war conditions. On left is another N.O. (Mr. Ivan Samson) who, jealous of Mr. Ireland's ability, hopes he will fail in manœuvres and give him (Mr. Samson) a chance of promotion he otherwise would not get

THE ORDERS CARRIED OUT: The tense scene in the submarine *Isis*. The dial on the left rivets the attention of the audience and shows the ascent or descent of the submarine. As the practically-minded commander anticipated, the boat proves in no fit state to carry out the arduous duties imposed upon her

Under-Sea Thrills at the Prince of Wales's

THE ORDERS DENIED: The naval court-martial scene in which the captain (right) denies that he gave the orders resulting in the bad breakdown of the *Isis*—a course in which he is supported by the villain (in the witness—right-hand—box) and the hero (left-hand box) is finally acquitted

RESERVOIRS OF THE WORLD

and Deepening the Elbe

10,000,000 GALLONS: A striking aerial view of the new reservoir on top of Meriden Hill, near Coventry, which is now nearing completion. The form is circular, with an internal diameter of 280 ft. 6 in. and a normal depth of 25 ft. 6 in. The roof is to be covered with earth filling topped with productive soil

MODERN ARCHITECTURE: The interior of the Meriden Reservoir. Sir Alex Binnie, Son, and Deacon are the engineers

9,000,000 GALLONS: This is another of the gigantic reservoirs created under the new Coventry scheme. Known as Coundon Reservoir, it is 324 ft. by 206 ft. The roof is supported by 77 concrete columns

ANTI-FLOOD: The new levee just constructed along the Lower Mississippi at Paxagoula, Mis., which, it is hoped, will prove an effective barrier against future inundations. Along the top of the sea-wall is a two-mile motor drive

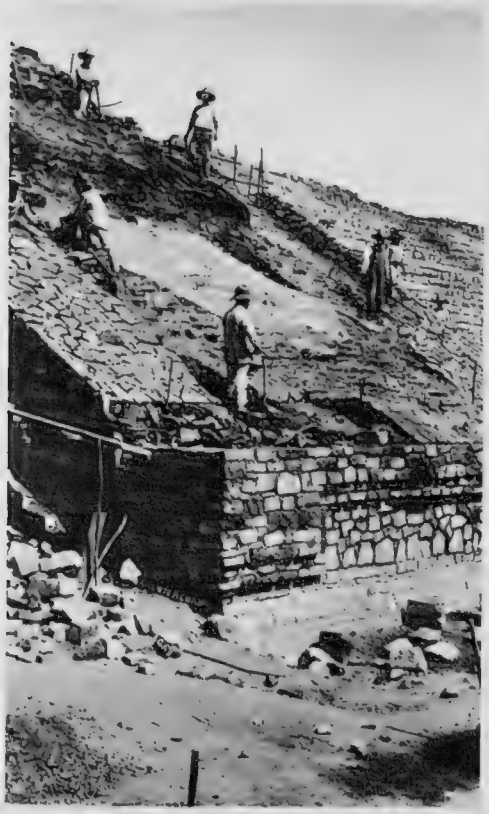
DEEPENING THE ELBE: Since 1927 work has been in progress on the lower reaches of the Elbe to regulate the stream. Certain areas, notably near Pagensand and the Osteriff, had to be constantly dredged to maintain a navigable depth of 32 ft. and this process rendered the bed uneven. To avoid it huge stream-dykes were built and to support them wooden layers 70 ft. long were made. By keeping the river from the shore the bed is subjected to natural even dredging which deepens the water some 3 ft. p.a. One such wooden layer is seen above being sunk

A MEXICAN SINDBAD'S CAVERN

THE RECORD : Messrs. Alfonso Caso (left) and Martin Bazan, the leader and assistant of the expedition unearthing the treasures of fifteenth century Mexico. They are seen measuring a copper vessel discerned on left. The left hand picture gives a general view of Monte Alban

A TREASURE HOUSE OF AZTEC WEALTH : Monte Alban, which has already given up vases of gold, pearls, rock crystal, and alabaster ornaments, and is still 98 per cent. untapped. It is thought the treasures will rival those of Luxor

A PYRAMID OF MEXICO : Though truncated the pyramids of Mexico have a grandeur all their own, and the treasures beneath them rival, in worth if not in age, the finds of Egypt



THE ACROPOLIS of the ancient Mix-Tec city now being excavated by the expedition headed by Alfonso Caso. This site is located on top of Monte Alban, looking over the earthquake-scarred city of Oaxaca. Not two per cent of Monte Alban has as yet been excavated

Ewing Galloway

A TEMPLE ON SHOW : The giant Turtle Temple at Uxmal, Yucatan, is to be reconstructed at the Chicago Exposition of 1933, in much the same way as the Taj Mahal was duplicated at Wembley, and the Temple of Angkor in the Bois de Vincennes last summer. In it will be housed a superb collection of Mayan relics. The work of reconstruction will be supervised by archæological experts from Tulane University, New Orleans, La. Many of the rooms in the original temple are in a perfect state of preservation though the exterior is, though imposing and possessing a grandeur in its decay, a crumbling mass of dilapidation

BREEDING A NEW ANIMAL

THE CATTALO: A curious hybrid created by crossing ordinary cattle with buffalo in an attempt to combine the hardiness of the latter with the food qualities of the former. A yak strain was also introduced in direct crosses and in subsidiary crosses, but yak offspring are not so hardy as bison offspring and as beef they are inferior to domestic (Canadia) cattle. Yak hybrid females are fertile, but males are uncertain

BOS GRUNNIENS or yak were imported in an endeavour to combine bison or buffalo with domestic cattle, but without success. The yak will remain in Tibet and the bison remains sultan of the cattle harem

NORTHWARD BOUND: Buffalo shipped north for experiments in crossing. It is stated that within a decade 150,000 buffalo will exist in the north and the old hunting of the herds (though limited) will take place again

HYBRIDS: A family group of cattalo—crossed cattle and buffalo—at Buffalo Park, Canada, where direct crossing and subsidiary crossing have formed the subject of experiment

CATTA-YAK-ALO! The calf is 50 per cent. cattle; 25 per cent. yak; 25 per cent. buffalo. Yak mated with bison, domestic cow, or hybrid without difficulty, but, though the resultant hybrids are normal (bison-domestic produces abnormal calves) there is no gain in hardiness and a marked deterioration in food quality. Yak strains are not yet eliminated from the Canadian herds

Bos Grunniens, the wild (and domesticated) ox of the plateaus of Tibet, has just about grunted himself out of the hybridization picture in Canada. For a time he was looked upon as a sort of saviour of the day; the zoological intermediary between domestic cattle and the native bison, between which animals certain inter-breeding experiments were and are being carried on at Wainwright Buffalo Park, in Alberta, Canada. Behind these experiments is an attempt to combine some of the hardihood of the bison with the beef-producing qualities of domestic cattle, in order that the cattle-raising map of Canada may be rolled still farther back toward the north. Bos Grunniens, known also as the Yak, and the Grunting Ox, came into the picture for a few years, but he is rapidly fading out. Some of his blood remains in the animals with which the experiments are being carried on, but the crosses are becoming more and more bison and domestic cattle, and many interesting developments are taking place.

While in the picture, however, Bos Grunniens shared responsibility for the most curious animal in existence: a calf 50 per cent. domestic cattle, 25 per cent. bison, and 25 per cent. yak and which, therefore, might qualify for the name "catta-yak-alo."

The work of the animal husbandman deals largely with practical problems. Rarely has he the opportunity of venturing upon the uncharted seas of "new varieties." Yet hybridization experiments conducted by officials of the Canadian Government at Wainwright have permitted some hitherto untried crosses, and have probably contributed more to the knowledge of hybridizing possibilities than anything which had previously been attempted. They have produced hybrids and what might be called tri-brids, and crosses again from hybrids with original stock on either side. And all in the attempt to produce "The Arctic Cow," a hardy race of cattle which would inherit the bison's characteristic of heading into the blizzard rather than drifting before it, and of foraging for winter feed through the heavy snowfall of the Far North.

Had these animals been possible of development with the meat-and milk-producing qualities of domestic cattle; the hardiness of the bison, and the woolly undercoat and long outer coat of the yak, who knows what products might have come from the cattle-breeding industry of the far northern areas of the Dominion.

In 1916, twenty of the Mossom Boyd animals "cattalo," crosses between buffalo and cattle, were purchased, and, to overcome the problem of sterility in hybrid males, it was thought the introduction of the yak, zoologically somewhere intermediate between bison and domestic cattle, might lead to the desired end. Bos Grunniens was obliging. When brought into the picture, he mated with either bison or domestic cow, and hybrids, three-quarter breds and extractions representing the blood of all three were secured and proved quite healthy. However, while the fertility of hybrid, yak-bison, or yak-domestic females has been proven to be quite normal, the fertility of the male hybrids appears to be as much a matter of doubt as ever.

And that, while there remain a number of yak-bison and yak-domestic offspring in the experiments, just about dispose of Bos Grunniens, who now can return to grunt his way in the shafts of an ox-cart over the high passes of the Himalayas or elsewhere. One angle of the eternal triangle is disposed of and King Bison reigns supreme over the harem at Wainwright.

The cross-breeding experiments have been interesting, and the attempt to increase the hardiness of cattle strains has not been without its reward. One thing which has helped the animal husbandmen in their work has been the proximity at Wainwright of the world's largest herd of wild bison owned by the Canadian Government, from which animals could be secured for experiments as desired. The experiments have taken place within enclosures set aside in the National Buffalo Park under the eye of Superintendent A. G. Smith, but not for a long time will herds of cattalo—the bison-domestic hybrid—paw the snow of the northern plains.

DIAMONDS at "DISCOUNT"

There is a danger of diamonds becoming as cheap as those glittering pieces of glass sold in mammoth stores. There are rumours of the bottom falling out of what has always been considered an industry for millionaires. Such is conveyed in the brief announcement that the famous diamond corporation, De Beers, will close down their mines at Kimberley on March 31. This is in the nature of a last desperate attempt to prevent diamonds becoming two a penny.

So many stones have been found within the past ten years that vaults in Kimberley, Cape Town, and Antwerp are glutted with them. Within those ten years at least ten new diamond fields have been discovered. There was a time when the International syndicate that controlled the world's diamond output were in a position to buy those fields as soon as they were discovered. Rarely were they worked. Fences of barbed wire were placed round the fields, and groups of armed men patrolled them. For the rest, the diamond fields lay fallow.

Then were discovered the alluvial diggings. Those diamond areas were proclaimed open, to be rushed by diggers of all classes who, having bought a licence and pegged out a claim, were permitted to wash the earth for what they could find. And many remarkably fine stones were discovered. As always, the agents of the International syndicate were on the spot. They were willing to buy the best stones, and they were powerful enough to state a price that left no opening for other dealers. Once bought, these diamonds were placed in the vaults with the other accumulated treasure. The artificial control of diamonds continued.

The real blow to the industry came three years ago, in the discovery of the richest diamond field in the world—Namaqualand.

The Namaqualand field was soon giving forth the richest and finest stones in the world. The Kimberley diamonds were insignificant in comparison. As an indication of the wealth of this field the South African Government admits that over £6,000,000 worth of stones were obtained last year at a cost of under £100,000. So easy are the stones to be obtained, that most of the expenditure was for the weekly aeroplane service that carried diamonds to Cape Town.

There are few men, even in London, who could reckon on earning £100,000 in the whole of their working lifetime. Consider then the £285,000 worth of diamonds discovered by a single worker in one day at Alexander Bay, Namaqualand. This 7s. 6d.-a-day man turned up a stone with his pick, and in the gravel he exposed were a pile of stones each over 100 carats and more smaller gems than he could hold in two hands.

Naturally, even an International syndicate could not compete against such finds. In the three years that the fields have been worked over £25,000,000 worth of diamonds have been taken by aeroplanes to Cape Town and placed in the Government vaults.

But the Government and the syndicate have been unable to cope with the astonishing growth of I.D.B. — illicit diamond buying. The 7s. 6d.-a-day men have smuggled immense amounts of diamonds from the fields, despite the barbed-wire fences, the searchlights, and the armed police guarding them.

The Government have done their best to stop the traffic. The whole of Namaqualand is now heavily policed, but the I.D.B. traffic goes on. The deficit in the Union's 1930 budget was due mainly to the failure of the State diamond diggings to come up to expectations. The stones were found—there is said to be about £17,000,000 worth hoarded in the Government vaults—but the number sold brought in less than a million pounds, where three millions had been expected.

It was inevitable that the Kimberley mines would close. Out of these giant holes in the earth Cecil Rhodes built up Rhodesia and helped the Empire to spread in Africa. Those holes provided him with the sinews of war. Now, a man may go down into them and collect bits of blue earth. But diamonds are practically valueless. The rich caves of Namaqualand are supplying the world.

W. J. Makin.

THE RICHEST IN THE WORLD: The Premier Diamond Mine of Pretoria which, following the lead of De Beers who are closing the Kimberley Mines, is shutting at the end of March—a course of action which throws over 300 Europeans and 1,500 natives out of work

A HALT FOR LUNCH in the Wesselton Mine, Kimberley which has been closed down. Ten million pounds worth of diamonds are already in the hands of the Diamond Corporation for which it has no use

AN INDUSTRY AT A STANDSTILL: The interior of Pulsator House, Kimberley. In addition to the universal depression, the Lichtenburg diamonds and the vast Namaqualand discoveries have caused serious losses, while the illicit traffic, ever increasing and estimated to have reached the staggering figure of £30,000 per week, has intensified the situation

THE BIG HOLE OF OLD DE BEERS: One of the great diamond mines of the world closed owing to the recent slump. Another area to be affected is Luderitz where the Consolidated Mines of South-West Africa are, it is reported from Windhoek, ceasing operations as from March 31. The view shows clearly the circular form of diamond mines. They are all old volcano pipes, the digging being downwards within the volcanic circle.

UNIVERSALIST SISTERS

The Sisters of this Swabian Hospital form the most self-sufficient community in the modern world, for, adopting every device of civilization at Ursberg, where the most tragic wrecks of humanity are cared for, the nuns carry out the whole work themselves

IN THE ELECTRICAL WORKS: The Sisters of Ursberg Hospital, Swabia, who maintain a home for the halt, the maimed, and the blind, perform every single task in connection with their establishment

AMINISTRATION: Sisters of the Ursberg Hospital at work in the office. They are all highly trained in the several and widely varied types of work they have to perform, from the bakery to the hospital clinic or the telephone

TO DISTRACT THE ATTENTION of patients undergoing an operation under a local anæsthetic, a St. Louis hospital has had its theatre painted with fantastic designs by Gisella Loeffler. These arrest the attention of the patient and retain it through the operation

SCREEN STARS

DEFENDING HER PROSECUTORS: Miss Marie Dressler, who has disproved the necessity for *It* to fill a cinema, in a scene from *Emma* at the Empire—a tale of a trumped-up murder charge rebutted by unusual means

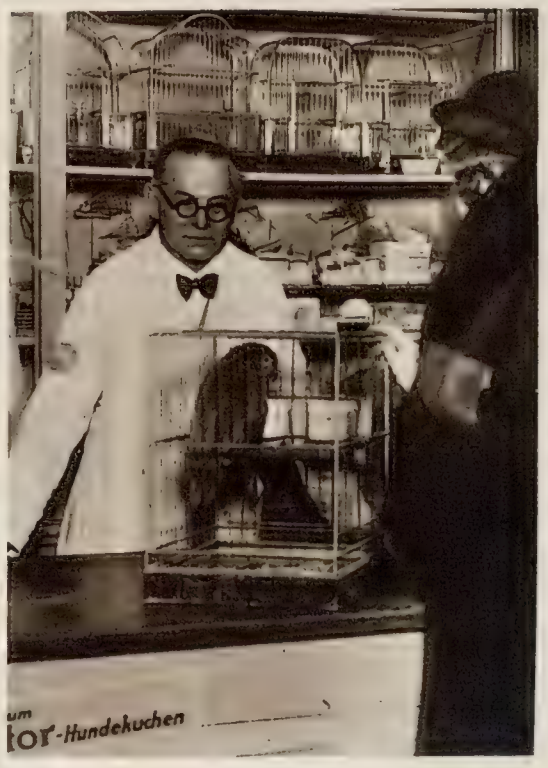
A BRITISH STAR: Miss Nora Swinburne in a scene from a Warner Bros.' film made in Britain under the quota, *A Voice Said "Good Night."* The picture was made at Teddington

VENETIAN HOLLYWOOD HOLIDAY: Miss Gloria Swanson in *To-night or Never*, a screen version of the Belasco success now crowding the Tivoli. Miss Swanson is, as we go to press, now staying in London

ANGLO-AMERICAN: Miss Mary Newcomb and Mr. Guy Newall in *The Marriage Bond*, a Twickenham Film Studios production. Miss Newcomb revelled in the hunting incidents which occur in the film for, in private life, she is the wife of an M.F.H., and an ardent horsewoman

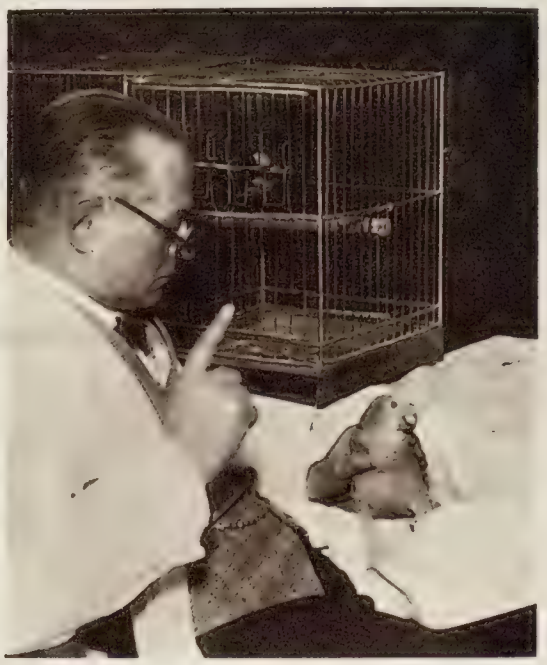
SINGING BIRDS

Those who possess an eloquent parrot, or a whistling or singing bird, do not perhaps know that there is to-day a college for feathered students, where such tricks are taught by highly skilled experts and the aid of a gramophone



THE RESULT OF TRAINING: Birds which sing or speak now go to a college to receive instruction, where they are taught to whistle definite melodies, to repeat certain phrases, and to sing certain songs

GRAMOPHONIC TUITION: A scholar undergoing a private coaching. The master does not allow the attention of the pupil to wander from the reiterated phrase broadcast by the mechanical instructor



Dorien Leigh

INDIVIDUAL INSTRUCTION: Birds vary even as humans in their capacity to learn, some proving dull and others quick. The former are given special lessons and individual attention at the College for Feathered Songsters

CRUISING
AND ITS MANY CHARMS
A Special Travel Section of "The Sphere"

ORIENT LINE CRUISES

9 CRUISES TO THE MEDITERRANEAN ADRIATIC AND ATLANTIC ISLANDS

March	12	30 days	fare from 52 guineas
April	16	20 days	fare from 35 guineas
May	7	21 days	fare from 37 guineas
May	28	16 days	fare from 25 guineas
June	18	16 days	fare from 25 guineas
July	16	13 days	fare from 21 guineas
July	30	13 days	fare from 21 guineas
Aug.	13	13 days	fare from 21 guineas
Aug.	27	21 days	fare from 38 guineas

6 CRUISES TO NORWAY AND NORTHERN CAPITALS

June	17	8 days	fare from 11 guineas
June	25	13 days	fare from 20 guineas
July	8	8 days	fare from 11 guineas
July	9	13 days	fare from 20 guineas
July	23	13 days	fare from 20 guineas
Aug.	6	20 days	fare from 30 guineas

Write for programme:

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CRUISING

The Delights of the Ocean and Land Voyage

Sunshine Pouring on the Shining Deck, Varied Sports and a Glorious Laze, form Delightful Ingredients for a Mixture to be Taken in the Best of Company

FUNCHAL NESTLES IN ITS HILLS: Madeira's highlands sweep up into the blue and the tourist liners moor off the coast—floating hotels in which the "residents" have all the amenities of civilization (such as alfresco meals to the gramophone seen above) and whence they can do just the amount of sight-seeing they choose

COCKTAIL TIME is as much a function on an ocean hotel as in one on *terra firma*—as this picture proves

THE SWIMMING POOL is one of the most popular places on an ocean liner, and one has, therefore, no need to land to take one's exercise or one's bathe. A gymnasium is also available on a large majority of the great cruising vessels

ONE KEEPS FIT ON BOARD, for not only is there swimming or gym. available, but deck-tennis is largely played. The theory of the game is that of tennis with a quoit for a ball and a hand for a racquet

THE ROCKY SHORES OF ITALY: A scene off Castelnuovo, one of the shore villages on the way to rock-perched Amalfi. The lateen-rigged craft are Neapolitan

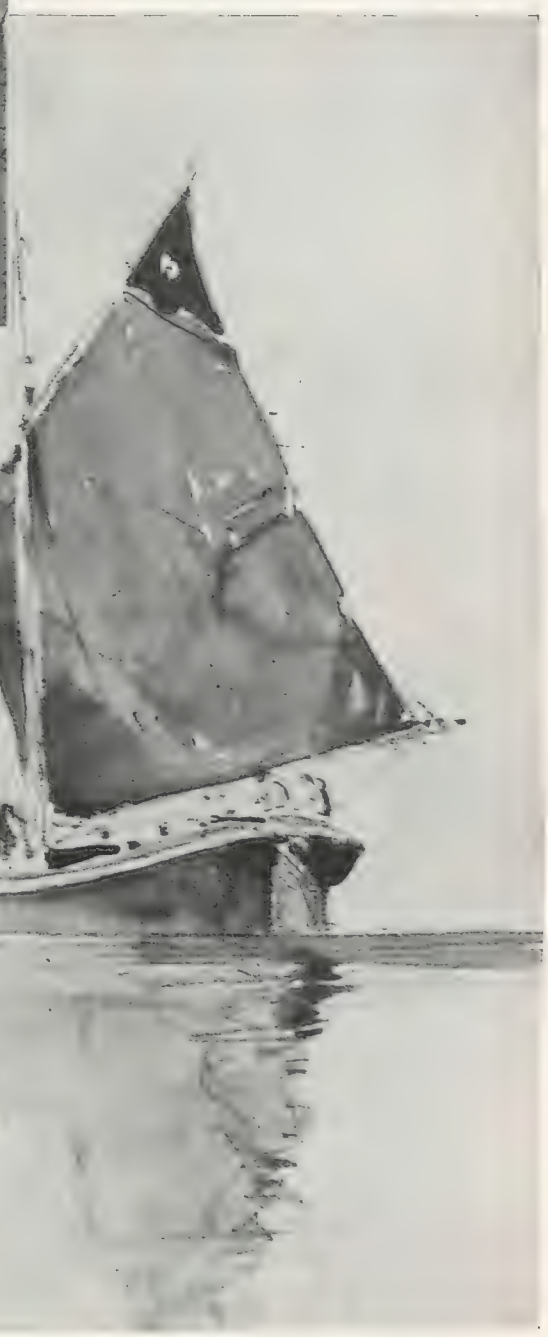
"A PALACE AND A PRISON ON EACH HAND": The Bridge of Sighs spanning the Canal between the Doge's Palace and the ancient prison now turned into a social club

HIGHLIGHTS *of a* CRUISE

Illustrated by PERCY HOME

IN SOUTHERN ALGERIA: The market place and the Mosque in Ghardaia, where the French rule has made the oases blossom with the rose, and have made a barren stretch of country one of the most fascinating areas in which to tour

THE MOUNTAIN OF FIRE: An impression of Vesuvius seen from the Bay of Naples. One of the great thrills of the Mediterranean cruise is a visit to its smoking crater which overwhelmed Pompeii and Herculaneum 2,000 years ago



A CRAFT OF THE ADRIATIC: A type of vessel, with its sweeping and multi-coloured sail, frequently to be seen off the Italian Peninsula. This sketch was made off the Dalmatian Islands

FANCY DRESS can either be faked up or complete costumes can be obtained on board—usually from the barber, who is the Universal Provider of a liner

IMPERIAL CRUISING:— —

The Sea is the Heritage of Our Race and the Present Economic Situation in the Shippin Operated as to Bring the Great Liners Within the Reach, for a Short Holiday, of thos

If no philosopher has yet observed that you can best judge a country by the holidays that its inhabitants spend, it is time that someone said it for him. Take Great Britain. Until a few months ago its inhabitants had the alternative of English seaside resorts, or, if they were extremely well off, the garish Continent. Now this is all changed. As a result of a number of unexpected circumstances a third, utterly different holiday is available—the holiday spent in cruising on a great liner. The extraordinary thing is that, though England is supposed to be a sea-going nation, not more than 1 per cent. of its population have ever sailed in anything larger than a cross-Channel steamer. Now, all of a sudden, it is temporarily possible for anybody with £10 to spend on their holidays to go in a luxury liner for days at a time. When I was in Blackpool three years ago I was told that thousands of working-class people arrive with £20 on which they proceed to live at the rate of £1,000 a year for seven days. Now, owing to a series of unparalleled circumstances it is possible, with £20, to spend a fortnight on a luxury liner and still have three or four pounds to spend in incidentals. For cruising, the latest holiday, can be had from £1 a day up to £10 a day, according to the cruise and the ship which you choose.

Seldom has any national movement been started so suddenly, so successfully, and with so certain a guarantee of permanence. For it is impossible to eradicate in three hundred years an instinct so deep-rooted in the British nation as a love of the sea. You may be a mill-girl or a boot-hand, and you may never have seen the sea in your life, and yet three hundred years ago—a mere flea-bite in the evolution of the world—your ancestors fought the Armada, sailed round the world, and had first-hand knowledge of the sea. Since the eighteenth century factories have grown up everywhere, and the population as a whole has had to confine its ancestral interest in the sea to piers and pierrots and sand buckets. But it is none the less existent, and because of its centuries of repression it is all the more certain to express itself now that the opportunity for gratifying this taste has been made possible.

SPORT ABOARD: The fact that blindman's buff is enjoyably played by adults testifies to the rejuvenation a cruise brings

For this sudden urge to cruise is a mass movement ranging from the class which likes to go hiking, to the Upper Ten Thousand who threw their money away in the casinos of Cannes, Deauville, and Monte Carlo, both because it was fashionable and because they hoped, blindly, that they would pay for their holiday out of their winnings from gambling. That is one of the wildest dreams in the world.

I should know! I have made it almost a profession to stay at the casino towns of the Continent. I have not spent a holiday in this country for nine years. I have played *chemin de fer* in fifteen different casinos, and roulette all over Belgium, not to mention Monte Carlo. In all those years I have only once paid for my holiday by gambling. That was at Juan les Pins in 1927, and I have tried unsuccessfully to repeat it ever since. Offhand, I suppose I must have lost at least £1,500 in my various attempts. That is one of the greatest drawbacks to a Continental holiday. It is impossible to estimate how much it is going to cost you. The fact that your hotel bedroom and bathroom is a 100 francs a day is no criterion of what your weekly bill is going to be, on top of which you have to add the various *de luxe* taxes. And in any case, the hotel bill is never more than a quarter of the total you spend. On board ship this cannot happen. You can tell within a very few pounds what you are going to spend, and, having paid in advance, there is no danger of your having to travel back third class after starting out on the Blue Train—which has also happened to me.

I explained just now why I thought the cruising holiday was going to become a permanency in future, thus breaking all precedents. If you throw your mind back over the past few years, it will be evident at once how fickle the public is, and how brief is the tenure of popularity of any given resort. The Lido, Brioni, Deauville, Cannes, Juan les Pins, Biarritz, Como, Monte Carlo—they have all reached the heights and have plumbed the depths. If it were not for the sudden popularity of cruising I should have said that Germany and Belgium, and particularly the former, would be the next to experience a temporary waft of popularity. As it is, I think thousands will go there. But undoubtedly 1932 is going to be a vintage year for cruising, and as long as we stay off the Gold Standard, which one hopes will be for a very long time, it is going to increase in popularity.

And now for the events which have led up to this new kind of holiday. Cruising, let me say at once, is a glorious example of the way to turn liabilities into assets. For our liners which will carry the bulk of the cruising public this summer are all big vessels. Eighteen months ago, as a result of the world depression, the shipping companies found that they were losing money on the express services — that is to say, on the fast mail routes — as opposed to those which called from port to port and were served by steamers of smaller tonnage. The most important mail route was, of course, from New York to Southampton and was served by the big ships like the *Majestic*, *Berengaria*, and *Mauretania*. In the same way the shipping companies which served the route to South America—only second in importance to the transatlantic route—found that they, too, were losing money on their big ships like the *Alcantara* and *Asturias*, which were the largest motor ships in existence when they were launched. The drop in the transatlantic receipts was, of course, due primarily to the scarcity of Americans visiting Europe. The drop in the South American traffic was due to the drop in the South American exchange which, even when we went off the Gold Standard, did not rectify things much. So serious was this that the *Asturias* and *Alcantara*, which both made five return trips a year, were doubtless losing large sums of money. In the case of the transatlantic liners like the *Berengaria* and *Majestic*, the loss per return trip ran into thousands of pounds.

The case of the Orient Line was somewhat different. It was as long ago as the 'eighties that they observed the success of the antiquated P. and O. vessel, the *Ceylon*, when chartered by a tourist agent for a cruise. Emboldened by this, they took the *Chimborazo* off the regular route in 1887 and sent her on a cruise. Goodness knows where she went—it was probably to Norway or round the Mediterranean. But it was a success, and from that date the Orient, who were the original pioneers, sent out one of their regular ships on a cruise to Norway. The idea was to turn the cruise into a semi-private yachting party, the members of which, however, did not own the vessel, and that idea, the root principle of cruising, has been maintained ever since, together with the scheme of a fixed programme of places to visit, all of them reached at breakfast-time to enable the maximum amount of daylight for a visit.

Other companies, in the early 'nineties, realizing that there was something in the scheme, followed suit, but in a somewhat desultory way, until the War stopped it. After the War, the cruises started again, with the number of passengers restricted to ensure comfort, until this year when the Orient Line has put on not only the *Orontes*, the *Orford*, and *Otranto*, but also the *Ormonde* and *Orsova*, the latter two vessels being, however, less expensive to travel in.

Meantime, the cabin ships like the *Andania* on the Canadian route between Liverpool and Quebec were badly hit by the slump in emigration, which also affected the South American trade, but that is by the way. Unfortunately, to aggravate matters, the *Mauretania*, which held the Blue Ribbon of the Atlantic, was twenty-three years old, and trade, which always follows the record, was liable to be diverted when the record was taken from her. So the British companies decided to buy new and faster ships. Meantime again the Germans, who had been compelled to hand over all their big liners like the *Majestic* and the *Leviathan*, and were thus rid of these vast liabilities, decided to join the party, and built the *Bremen* and *Europa*—to which we were unable to reply because we were carrying the baby in the shape of the pre-War German vessels like the *Majestic*. The *Bremen* and *Europa* at once stole the cream of the business, because of their speed, though not necessarily on a profit-taking basis. Nor was this all. The Italians and the French joined the opposition, and as Sir Alfred Yarrow said six months before his death to a close friend of mine, "We used to be the master-builders of the world, and we had no competition. Now we are definitely behind the foreigners with their remarkable Diesel-engined ships. It is no longer true that because a ship is English she is automatically the best."

The French blow was particularly severe, because with the *Ile de France* and the other liners leading up to her, they started the policy of turning their ships into floating night-clubs. Saxophones, drinking, gaiety, dancing, and general whoopee proved at once very popular, for an unusually high percentage of the people who cross the Atlantic are in the show-business—whether it be films, theatres, music-halls, or the like. Bearded peers and other people who like to cross sedately are in a minority, while the introduction of the Atlantic telephone has made many a business trip unnecessary. The British shipowners contended, however, that their sole job was to supply good ships and good food. Their directors did not like

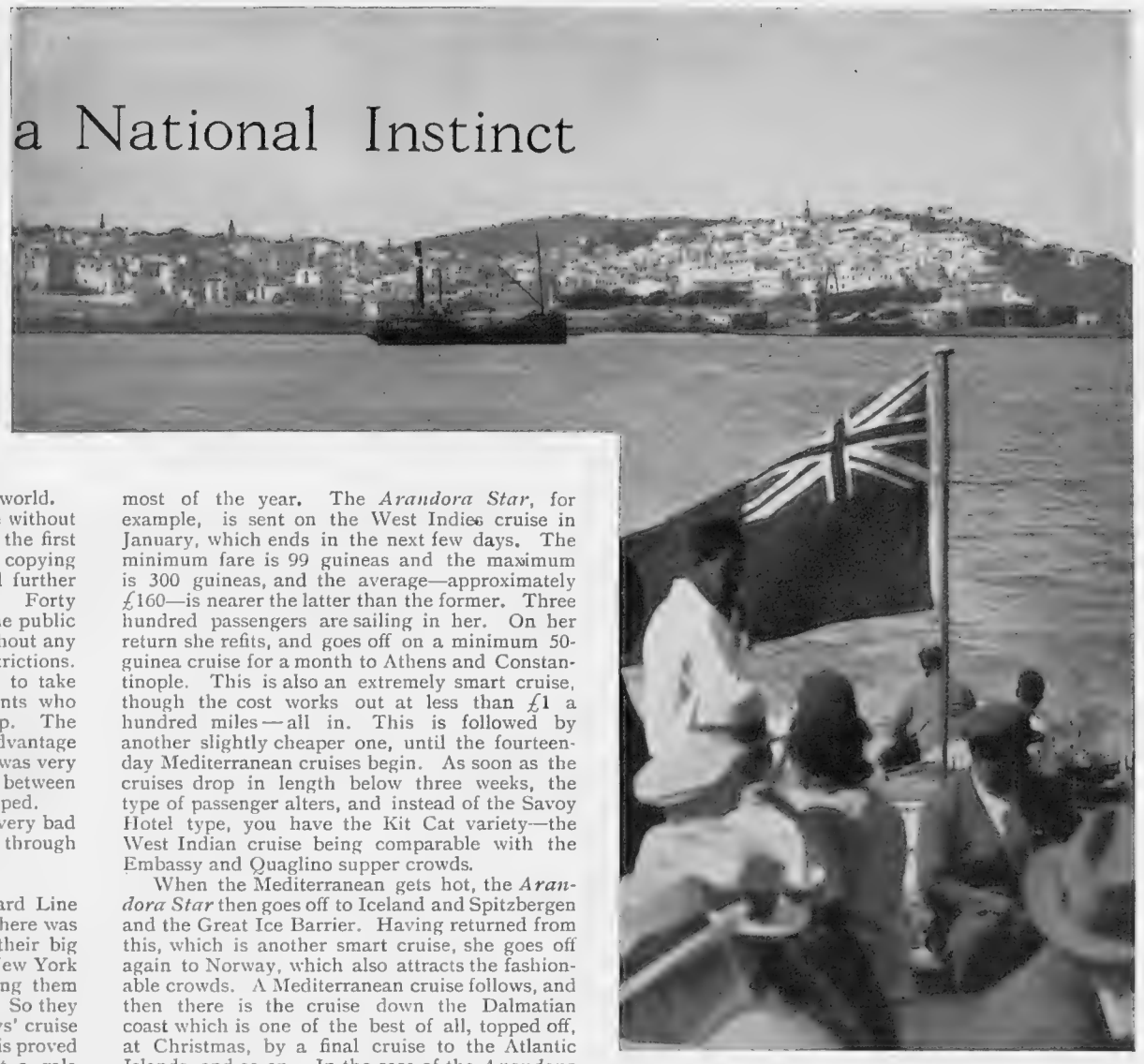
VENICE BY NIGHT is one of the most thrilling sights. In addition to its intrinsic beauty, the fact that one cruises to the city of poets implies an Adriatic cruise with its fascinating ports of call in the Balkan Peninsula

Re-awakening a National Instinct

World and Elsewhere has so of Moderate Means

By CHARLES GRAVES

(Author of Gone Abroad*)*



CRUISING WITH THE BRITISH FLAG: A launch puts off from a liner to visit Tangier. One beauty of such cruises is the fact that one is given the opportunity to put ashore and enjoy the alien flavour of alien cities

them too gay and Parisian. That, I think, was where they were wrong. Nor did the French content themselves with an onslaught on our Transatlantic route. They built a 40,000 tonner for the South American route which clipped four whole days off the voyage. As for the Italians, they had no proper liners six years ago, and now they have some of the finest in the world.

Once again the story would be incomplete without a reference to the Orient Line which, being the first to start cruises so long ago, was in no way copying other people's example in concentrating still further on this adjunct to their ordinary business. Forty years of experience had taught them that the public enjoys visiting various parts of the world without any of the discomforts of Customs and other restrictions. They had guessed rightly that people like to take their hotel with them—a hotel with servants who only need one tip at the end of the trip. The directors were all the more ready to take advantage of this new development because Australia was very much down in the dumps, and the traffic between that country and this had automatically dropped.

Altogether, our shipping had got into a very bad spot, partly through its own fault and partly through a series of unfortunate circumstances.

It was not until two years ago that the Cunard Line and the White Star Line realized that there was no reason on earth why they should not use their big liners for the four days in which they lay in New York while waiting to turn round, instead of letting them eat their heads off as they had for years. So they decided to try the experiment of a three days' cruise to the Bahamas or wherever it might be. This proved a colossal success, the Americans making it a gala from start to finish, the profits from the bar alone being beyond belief. Now at last the realization that a possible gold mine awaited them struck all the shipping companies more or less simultaneously. "Even if we don't make much money out of these cruises," they argued "it at least saves us the enormous cost of laying up our ships in port, where dock dues are enormous and general deterioration is very high." And so it turned out to be. The most unlikely vessel, when sent on a cruise, would lose only *y* pounds, which was thousands less than the *x* pounds which it cost to keep in port.

Then suddenly we went off the Gold Standard, the cry of "Buy British holidays in British ships" went up, and the *faute de mieux* scheme of running cruises to save money has suddenly turned into a real profit-making business. The craze to cruise was phenomenal. People realized that it was much cheaper to go on a cruise than to the Riviera, and that instead of a journey of a few hundred miles to the South of France and back, you could travel 12,000 miles in all the luxury of the best French hotel at a smaller cost—and in addition acquire a zest for life which in the case of many blasé people had almost disappeared. The result was that not only did a great many companies run into the market with small vessels which had run with negligible profit on direct routes, but also the big companies like the Cunard said, "If we lose *y* pounds in sending the *Mauretania* to the United States and back, let's save *x* pounds by sending her to Gibraltar and back, thus appealing to a vast and admirable public which has never travelled in a liner before. Here the Blue Star Line has done the pioneer work by sending the *Arandora Star* from Southampton to Bournemouth and letting her ride at anchor outside the latter town in order to make the public cruise-conscious. They even took a ship-load of people from Bournemouth for a day's Channel cruise terminating at Southampton, to give them the feel of it, and explaining that it was just a slice out of a long cruise. This also proved a great success, and the Royal Mail Steam Packet put on the *Asturias* for the Friday before August Bank Holiday and the following three days. This was the germ of the week-end cruise idea, an idea which has proved so golden that in a short time nearly all our trans-atlantic liners will be available for week-end and other short cruises on this side before turning round for New York again. In this way the shipping companies are able to recompense themselves to some extent for the losses they may have on the direct routes to and from the United States. For though their charges are exceptionally low, their vessels are so roomy that they can even make a small profit on the deal.

At this stage I must emphasize the fact that there are two distinct kinds of vessels in which you can cruise. On the one hand you have the giant liners running up to forty and fifty thousand tons which are being temporarily pressed into service to meet the extraordinary demand for cruising this year. On the other hand you have three cruising ships, the *Arandora Star* and the *Atlantis*, which are kept hard at it all the year round, and the *Orontes* for most of the year. The *Arandora Star*, for example, is sent on the West Indies cruise in January, which ends in the next few days. The minimum fare is 99 guineas and the maximum is 300 guineas, and the average—approximately £160—is nearer the latter than the former. Three hundred passengers are sailing in her. On her return she refits, and goes off on a minimum 50-guinea cruise for a month to Athens and Constantinople. This is also an extremely smart cruise, though the cost works out at less than £1 a hundred miles—all in. This is followed by another slightly cheaper one, until the fourteen-day Mediterranean cruises begin. As soon as the cruises drop in length below three weeks, the type of passenger alters, and instead of the Savoy Hotel type, you have the Kit Cat variety—the West Indian cruise being comparable with the Embassy and Quaglino supper crowds.

When the Mediterranean gets hot, the *Arandora Star* then goes off to Iceland and Spitzbergen and the Great Ice Barrier. Having returned from this, which is another smart cruise, she goes off again to Norway, which also attracts the fashionable crowds. A Mediterranean cruise follows, and then there is the cruise down the Dalmatian coast which is one of the best of all, topped off, at Christmas, by a final cruise to the Atlantic Islands, and so on. In the case of the *Arandora Star*, the daily cost of running her is £900–£1,000, and it is evident that the Blue Star Line directors have to watch every penny, particularly in view of port dues and the varying cost of oil at different places. To stop at Barcelona costs £350 in port dues. To go through the Panama Canal would cost over £4,000.

Next month the Orient luxury ship, *Orontes*, starts her cruising season with a Mediterranean trip of thirteen days, putting in at Casablanca, Algiers, Philippeville, Tripoli, Malta, Messina, Palermo, Palina, Cartagena, Gibraltar, and Vigo, and here it is interesting to notice what it costs to go ashore at each beauty spot and see the sights, if you seek the protection of the Company and go under their guidance. Even if you do the whole lot it will only cost a little more than £13 over your fare. Of course, if you are an experienced traveller and do not need guides, and can repel dragomen's advances, you can spend even less than this—walking where you want to, coming back for all your meals to the ship; or again, joining a mixed bathing party and go off in a launch, taking your luncheon baskets with you.

But to return to the *Orontes* — after she has ended this trip she retraces her course to the Mediterranean for a nineteen-day cruise, visiting Rhodes and Athens. Her next two cruises are again to the Mediterranean, of only twelve days length. Then she turns her bows towards the Canary Isles—this is in June—stopping two days at Madeira. Next come cruises to the Northern capitals and Norwegian fiords, with two days in Stockholm and one-and-a-half in Copenhagen, and so on until the autumn.

The R.M.S.P.'s reputation for cruising goes back to the days before the War when the original *Asturias*, re-christened the *Arcadian*, earned her living by cruising in the same way that the *Atlantis* does now. She was sunk during the War, however, and another *Arcadian* reigned in her stead. She, too, came to the end of her tether, though in more peaceable fashion, being anchored in Southampton Water, and the *Atlantis* is now the cruising queen. As I write, I have in front of me her wine list, and despite Mr. Cecil Roberts's opinion of me—as expressed in his SPHERE review of my last book—that I am an "alcoholic Philistine," I crave permission to refer to certain aspects thereof. Thus I read that whisky is only 8s. a bottle. I am not, as a matter of fact, a whisky drinker, but many people are. Yellow chartreuse is 9d. a glass. Kummel is only 6d. Mumm's Cordon Rouge 1921 is 17s. 6d. a bottle. Everything else is in proportion. One cannot say fairer than that.

The *Atlantis* will be at least as busy as the *Arandora Star* this year. In her cruises she will touch at places as far apart as Teneriffe, Bergen, Bear Island, Malaga, the Kiel Canal, and Venice. I have not the space to enumerate the itinerary of each cruise, but they are just as interesting and variegated and smart as those of the *Arandora Star*.

And now I have a confession to make. I have never been on a cruise in my life. Indeed, the largest vessel on which I have ever set foot on is the *Narkunda*, in which I sailed from the South of France to Egypt seven long years ago. So I have been compelled to go to a hardened cruiser—if that is the right word—of many years' standing, to secure and convey the atmosphere of a luxury cruise, and if you all feel the same way about it as I do now, we will meet on the next available luxury liner. It all sounds too enchanting for words.

"The first thing that strikes you about a cruise," said this hard-bitten Scot, "is that it is even better than in Spain where at least people talk about mañana. On a cruise there is not only no to-morrow—there is no thought of to-morrow. You put everything off until the next day, including going to bed. From the very start it is all a lot of fun. You walk on to the platform at Waterloo, for example, and realize that all the people travelling by your special train are going to be your companions for the next three weeks or so. Even in the Pullman you start making acquaintances.

"When you reach your cruiser an orchestra is playing, and within twenty-four hours everybody has made friends. There is no need to wait for anyone to introduce you to people. It is just like a country-house party where the very fact of your presence is sufficient introduction for you to speak to anybody you like. When, after twenty-four hours, the games programmes of various kinds of quoits, deck tennis, padder tennis, and so on, have been prepared, you have met everybody on the ship. I have been on six cruises now—from the Baltic to North Africa—and that is how I always intend to spend my holidays in the future. When you reach a port you can either drive into the blue with friends of your own choosing, or you can go on the usual escorted party. On one occasion I left a ship at Spezzia and drove all the way to Genoa, where I picked it up again. On a cruise you eat enormously, take lots of exercise, feel marvellously fit, and sleep like a top. I don't know which cruise I have enjoyed most," he went on. "But I am determined to go to Stockholm again. I am equally determined to see Naples and Barcelona once more. You meet anybody from the Mayor of Wrexham to a member of the House of Lords or a leading actress, on these cruises. Gossip and flirtations, cocktail parties, and dancing, an absence of children and telephones, combine to make a cruise the most marvellous holiday you can imagine. The food is excellent.

"You have all the amusement of seeing acquaintances ripen into friendships, and friendships into attachments. You meet pretty girls and clever men; you see everything at its best in the most perfect surroundings, with an occasional director of the Bank of England balancing an apple on his nose during a particularly hilarious evening, and at night under a moonlit sky the top deck crowded with romance and deck-chairs."

HEALTH AND FU

THE CITY OF CIGARS: The great Cunarder *Mauretania*, gay with
favourite port of call, for not only is it a resort thronged with wea
Spanish tradition

BEGGARS BY THE QUAYSIDE add to the local colour of a cruise. The boys in certain harbours dive for coppers while in the China Seas the mendicants extend nets on long poles to the gunwale. Off Madeira, again, flat bottomed boats put out with cargoes of the native wares to be sold

THE REFEREE COMPETES in a boxing match and proves an efficient practitioner. The organization of such sports has received the fullest possible attention

ALL ABOARD: The last launch leaves the shore at 12.30 and is usually crammed with cruise enthusiasts returning to their ship from a dance on shore. This picture was taken at Las Palmas where the Spanish Nautical Club had opened its hospitable doors to the tourists. The dinner-jacket is *de rigueur* for every occasion

GYMKHANA: One of the events, run exclusively for the fair sex, i
marked line and putting on boots or shoes. The gaiety and *cama*
cannot be paralleled by any other type of va

FUN of the OCEAN CRUISE

ay with bunting, in the harbour of Havana whose quayside roadway is chock-a-block with cars. Havana is a ith wealthy—and thirsty!—American visitors but it is also a luxurious and extremely beautiful city. The ancient dition persists in the indolence and courtesy of its inhabitants

Ewing Galloway

A RIVAL TO CONTRACT: One of the latest developments in the amusement line for cruising enthusiasts is the organization of golf—a game little suited, however, to rough weather. This new game provides scope for spectators weary of watching the dancing, poker, or bridge. *Inset in circle* is an ever-popular feature—the hardy perennial amusement—afloat

sex involved running along a d *camaraderie* of such holidays e of vacation

SPLIT SECONDS COUNT in putting on one's shoes in the "boot and shoe" event at a gymkhana held on board. The ship—and the welkin—ring with laughter when these cheery and exciting events are organized and run with almost naval efficiency

DANCING is popular on board but it has a technique of its own. One has to acquire the art of dancing up—or down—a slope!

WHERE THE OCEAN-CRUISING LINERS GO

Three Special "Sphere" Charts Showing the Chief Places of Call

THE ISLES OF WESTERN AFRICA: The Atlantic Isles are spread out like groups of pearls in the North Atlantic. The best known is Madeira, which is touched by numerous coming cruises. You land at Funchal and do the sights, including the big hotels

THE EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN: This corner of the touring world holds great fascination for the historically minded. The islands of Crete, Cyprus, Rhodes and the Ionian Sea all call with their special voices. Athens and Constantinople too

"TO FLORES IN THE AZORES": A visit to this group of North Atlantic Islands is full of interest. One usually touches at Punta Delgada (seen above). The islands are a Portuguese group; in the fourteenth century they were uninhabited, but evidences of former occupants or visitors are to be found in Carthaginian coins, and these give rise to many interesting theories

Seeing the map come alive is one of the pleasurable discoveries of an ocean and sea cruise. One has been familiar for years with the atlas view of the world, but fortune, perchance, has never allowed one to move beyond a very short trip to the Continent. Now one is at last on board a big ocean liner and moving steadily away from the shore of home, and the whole map is becoming alive. Here we are moving down channel. Lights appear. We are rounding Ushant, and are turning into the Bay. These shining waters are actually the famous "Bay" which all one's traveller friends have tossed off with that air of knowing the universe. Never more will you be brow-beaten.

And now the Portuguese coast —Oporto, Lisbon, Lixcoes—all following in their places as they should. One feels like an old medieval navigator building up a cartolan chart. And the joy of "Gib"—and how astonishingly narrow the entrance to the Mediterranean—with its guardian bluffs—a sight for which one is not prepared. The Balearic Islands become very pleasant places indeed; Marseilles, Genoa, and Naples, with Vesuvius gently puffing, a signal which holds the binoculars of everyone on deck.

And away down that rocky coast, past Castelnuovo and Amalfi, to the Heel of Italy — what a

AFRICAN LURE: To land on a new continent for the first time has a thrill all its own. A Rabat gateway

fascinating journey, and then round a rocky, many coloured coastline to the Adriatic; and Venice at the end of it—Venice from the sea; an experience which will live for ever in the memory, and away down the coast of old Dalmatia—past palaces of Doges to Crete, Cyprus, Rhodes, and Greece; Athens and all its wondrous temples, and up through the Straits to Constantinople and mosques and minarets. You hug yourself and say, "I've seen a minaret in the sunset!"

Or it may be you are off the coast of Palestine and casting anchor off Port Said and Alexandria with its seething native life. And Africa—Tunis, Algeria, Morocco—all swinging into place on the map and in your mind—a glorious pageantry of the world and its splendours.

For those seeking other climes there are northern waters—well organized cruises to the northern capitals and the deep sea fiords and water-falls of Scandinavia.

And away, out of our maps are the ocean cruises to the West Indian Islands, and the Amazon and the Argentine . . . truly a wonder world for the tourist of 1932.

WHERE EMMA HAMILTON HELD NELSON ENSLAVED: This most picturesque of headlands, Monte Pelegrini was often viewed by Nelson on his frequent passages from Naples to Palermo, when he was under the spell of Lady Hamilton. The whole island is full of memories of a most varied kind

STATELY *Pleasure* SHIPS

CUNARD The gigantic *Aquitania* undergoing overhaul by night preparatory to embarking on her extensive cruising programme

M.V. *Victoria* at anchor off Venice. The Doge's palace occupies the foreground, behind which swell the domes of St. Mark's. To the left is the Campanile **LLOYD TRIESTINO**

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GLORIES OF DEVON: Sidmouth and the steep slope of Salcombe Hill, seen from the West

SIXTEENTH CENTURY: Moreton Old Hall, Cheshire, an exquisite relic of Tudor days

THE VALLEY OF THE WYE: A magnificent view, taken from Seven Sisters Rocks, of what is possibly the loveliest scenery in Britain —the area including the basin of the river and the Forest of Dean

THE CHEDDAR GORGE presents perhaps the most majestic scenery in the South of Britain. Towering granite walls, in which are the fascinating caves, present a glorious spectacle

THE CORNISH COAST: Barras Head, and the coastline at Tintagel, is one of the wildest of districts in the South and West. Sometimes the sea will rival the Mediterranean in its blue, but, at its loveliest, it must be seen as a sheet of blazing silver, shining in an invisible sun, glimpsed through the shrouding veil of grey mist that occasionally broods over the landscape

KENT Old over-hanging timbered houses at Faversham, an area recalling the fascination of Holland

SUSSEX The charm of the smoothly rolling Downs — Poet's Country — dotted with church and farm

OUR OWN ISLAND

The Beauties of Britain

By G. M. S. CONWAY Drawings by PERCY HOME

" This precious stone set in the Silver Sea,
This blessed plot, this Earth, this Realm, this England,
England, bound in with the Triumphant Sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of Watery Neptune; "
Richard II: Act II, Scene 1.

A prophet is never a prophet in his own country. That remark was made a good many hundreds of years ago; it is one of those platitudes that none but the very learned can hope to utter—but the idea that caused its utterance persists to-day; and whenever the majority of us want to travel we nearly always think of going abroad, in many cases, I am sure, not because we are dissatisfied with our own country, but because we always imagine that abroad we shall get something that we cannot get in our country. I wonder how many of those who know the Continent backwards know half as much of England, and whether if they increased that problematical half they would find the Continent a vastly more convenient and pleasure-giving arena for their activities. There was also in latter years the consideration that it was cheaper to travel abroad than spend one's holiday in England. But that consideration is of no force any longer and there will be many who will prefer for that reason alone to "Buy British" and spend in Britain the coming Spring and Summer.

"There are many ways of seeing landscape," said Robert Louis Stevenson, and none could be more vivid than from a railway train. The four great lines that traverse England, Wales, and Scotland tap every conceivable source of varied and beautiful scenery, mountain and moor, lowland and highland, brakes, fells, and tarns, rolling plains, and swelling hills and downs teeming with the rich lore of history and bounded in by our own unequalled coastline, where Nature riots in a galaxy of diverse beauty.

ULTIMA THULE Dennis Head raises its wooded crest above the Helford River

Roughly speaking, the whole of Great Britain is divided by these lines into four great sections—south, west, midland and north, and east and north. Climate, scenery, customs even, vary in these different regions; who could desire a softer air than the South Coast resorts, and more pleasant walks and rides than can be enjoyed on the Sussex Downs? where but on an English Down would you find a dew pond, that inexplicable natural phenomenon, and where else a Down but in England? The change of air from the keen and bracing breezes of Margate on the south-east Coast to those lazy zephyrs of the South from Folkestone to Bournemouth is as remarkable as the changing scenes of the hinterland of Kent with its Romney Marsh country, leading farther inland to gentle, tree-crowned hills and woods and valleys; of Sussex with its rolling slopes, and of Hampshire, the county of pines and heather, and of "The Garden Isle." The whole coastline of these counties is dotted with resorts offering attractions of the most sophisticated nature, as well as with quaint little seaside villages, all within little over two hours' distance of London.

Scarcely a generation has passed since the golf boom began in the South of England. Yet to-day the "Sunshine Line" from London to the South Coast serves a greater number of famous courses than any other railway in the world. Golf in the South is golf all the year round, and favourable conditions obtain practically throughout the year. The "Championship Corner" of Kent includes, of course, the Royal St. George's Club at Sandwich opened in 1887, and Royal Cinque Ports Club at Deal.

Although Sussex is par excellence the county of the Downland Courses, yet it possesses several seaside links which are little less famous than the championship courses. Rye is the most prominent of these. Cooden Beach, a couple of miles from Bexhill, was chosen for the English Ladies' Championship of 1924. Hayling Island in Hampshire is one of the traditional seaside golf courses, while the many other fine courses are mostly heather courses.

In Dorset—"Wonderful Wessex"—we come again to down country with wonderfully charming seaside villages, such as Abbotsbury at the western end of the unique Chesil Beach, and inland villages such as Bere Regis and Cerne Abbas with remarkable churches possessing wonderful roofs and towers; the churches of Dorset are unequalled, and other villages with delightful and ridiculous names (Puddletown is one of them), all of which one can reach from Weymouth or Poole, and coves such as Lulworth, almost circular in shape with just a narrow entrance from the sea.

A thousand miles of coast is served by the Great Western Railway; scarcely a difficult task therefore confronts the holiday-maker in his choice of where to spend a

(Continued on p. 356)

DORSET A county rich in superb churches of which this at Cerne Abbas is a fine example

CORNWALL Old houses in the upper section of Falmouth Harbour that have sheltered generations of sea-faring folk

WARWICK Ann Hathaway's Cottage set in the glory of Shakespeare's country, seen across a tiny rivulet

A striking three-piece suit for the promenade deck, with skirt and lining of the long white corduroy coat in striped green and white silk. The sleeveless pull-over and sports hat are of white corduroy.

The All Important Question:—

WHAT TO WEAR ON A CRUIS

Some Practical

By BLANCHE

Having decided on our cruise, bought our ticket, decided on our cabin, and paused for breath, one may well turn one's attention to the great question of clothes, and on this all-important subject some practical suggestions may be welcome.

It must be borne in mind that a cruise of even a fortnight or three weeks is a very intimate affair, so that variation of costume is more necessary than elsewhere. Also a nearness to the sea always calls for another element in clothes, which must be brighter, gayer, and perhaps a little more dramatic in effect. White is ideal but should be brightened with touches of colour in the scarf, blouse, béret, while the national and practical colour for the sea is, of course, navy. This should be accompanied with white shoes, and white hat, with a touch of flame or red. Again, few things are more effective than a red frock dotted or striped with white and white accessories; blondes may follow their usual preference for pale greens, blues, pinks, as brunettes for yellows, orange, or flame. Do not be afraid of splashes of vivid colour, because they are necessary in sunny climes and blue seas, while they are, incidentally, very fashionable just now.

One should endeavour to travel light, but one's clothes selection should so combine that variation may be obtained from them. The first few days one will, of course, need the warmest woollies, but these will be happily discarded one by one with the days growing warmer.

Two little suits which should be found extremely useful are illustrated above. One has a sporting air which marks it for the deck game, the walk ashore, or the occasional round of golf should one stop long enough. The skirt has a centre pleat and is cut on the bias of an emerald-green silk striped with white. The pull-over is of white sleeveless corduroy with patch pockets, which may be worn with or without the short-sleeved silk shirt beneath, with its green and white silk tie. The long white corduroy coat is lined with silk to match. This has warmth as well as chic, and is well finished with its white corduroy hat and gauntlet gloves. Low-heeled shoes, incidentally, are what every wise woman will wear for deck games and promenade as far less tiring and more suitable than the high-heeled variety.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

A practical and natty little washing suit of white piqué that is eminently suitable for deck wear. The short coat fastens with a diagonal line and has a scarf-tie and belt in red white and blue

ING HOLIDAY
Suggestions

ELLIOTT

On the right is another little white suit in the new soft white piqué. The skirt is cut a little full, and the jacket fastens on a diagonal line, with touches of red, white, and blue in the silk tie and leather belt. Gauntlet gloves, by the way, are the smartest wear both for day and evening. This suit could be quite well carried out in the new closely-woven jersey which looks almost like cashmere.

Then one must include equipment for sun-bathing and a low-backed swimming suit or two are indicated with a gay wrap. Most people prefer pyjamas for board-ship wear with a matching wrap, while a few odd sweaters, a washing silk or cotton frock or two should complete requirements for the day.

Ideal for board-ship wear must be mentioned the new divided skirt which Paris has been showing the last season or two as it is cut just like a full, short walking skirt, but does not blow upwards or about in the stiff sea breeze, and the smart modern will certainly choose one or two of them.

There remains what to wear in the evening, and this is, of course, most important whether it be for the dance or bridge enthusiast. Black is the great stand-by, but the newest alternative, a darkest blue, is to be commended. There is the new cornflower blue which is sometimes known as night blue, because it gains rather than loses its beautiful colour at night, while we shall probably choose one or two coloured frocks as well. Should we have, say, a green frock with a short emerald green coat, the latter can accompany the black or white frock with green shoes and flowers to make little changes. A short ermine coat would successfully combine with anything. Sequins should be avoided as they are apt to melt on to your dancing partner on a hot night, and tulle is equally perishable. It also has a regrettable tendency to stickiness. Crêpe de chine, lace, or a charmingly patterned chiffon are good stand-bies. Dress, as may be inferred, plays quite an important part in the enjoyment of one's trip, and I would suggest some well-cut colourful frocks on which to ring the changes (if I may a trifle vulgarly suggest) to "keep your end up" amongst the well-dressed folk who will in all probability be making the cruise with you. Fancy dress can usually be faked or obtained on board.

FENLAND Ely Cathedral silhouetted against the sky in its setting of meadow and mere thrills with memories of Hereward the Wake

OUR OWN ISLAND

By G. M. S. CONWAY

Illustrated by PERCY HOME

(Continued from p. 353)

perfect holiday farther afield. In the triangle formed by drawing a line from Liverpool to London, and London to Weymouth, there is perhaps more beauty, romance, and interest to gratify every taste than anywhere else in England. History lives in the country; Bath has the finest Roman remains in Europe outside Italy; Sedgemoor was the scene of the last battle in England on English soil, and Fishguard of the last attempt at invasion. Stonehenge is the oldest prehistoric monument in England, and Silbury is the greatest tumulus in Western Europe, while the Arthurian Legend invests Tintagel, Cadbury Camp and Caerleon with its own appropriate glamour.

Stratford-upon-Avon need not be remarked upon. It has only just lately been the pilgrimage set for himself by many a lover of the drama. At Chalfont St. Giles was born our greatest epic poet, John Milton.

Devon is forever associated with great sailors and explorers, men famous in the history of their country. Cornwall, the Cassiterides, where the tin mines were worked by the Phœnicians, is still a seat of the tin-mining industry.

Wales is peopled by the descendants of the early Britons; they have preserved their language, pride of race, and national costumes in spite of all attempts to anglicize them. Quaintly enough, in the farthest corner of South-West Wales is a district known as "Little England beyond Wales," where an Anglo-Flemish colony has preserved for nine hundred years the customs and traits of the original colonists.

The scenery varies from magnificent purple mountains and wide estuaries in the North to the less rugged beauty of mid-Wales, ranging again into endless chains of hills reaching out to the Western coast, and descending into the smiling countryside of soft hills and woods and pastureland of the South.

Cornwall is the home of quaint villages nestling around little harbours at the foot of steep hills interspersed with fashionable resorts such as Falmouth, Penzance, Newquay, and Bude. Here again the diversity of scenery is remarkable, the whole county being at its widest only a little over twenty miles. The coast is wild and rocky from Bude to Falmouth, whence it is none the less steep but very much less wild, while the inland alternates between lonely moors and luxuriant valleys.

Finally, there are the two great lines traversing the whole length of England and Scotland, and divided by the Pennine Range; so that the one brings all the West under control, and easy and comfortable reach, and the other the East. Further, they deal with the whole of that stretch of middle England, so rich in beautiful spas and health resorts just as efficiently as with the more far-flung coastal pleasure grounds. The whole area provides a wealth of resting places for the traveller, every one different, every one possessing attractions and interests that it is a grievous fault not to be conversant with. There is the rich and cultivated land of Middle England, and the prosperous woodland of the Shakespeare country passing through the hunting shires to the crags and boulders of the Peak District, with its spas set high on rolling hills; further, the spas of Yorkshire set among the wonderful moors which lead on to the Lake District so full of associations with the great literature of our country; where is there a finer result of the combination of mountain and lake scenery? On we go past the great ridges surmounted by the Roman Wall into the country of pibroch and haggis, out of which have come so many other good things, notably golf; the Ayrshire coast, largely a long sweep of sand and dunes, is gay with modern resorts which are the Mecca of the golfer — Turnberry, Prestwich, Troon, and Gailes.

As a glittering pendant to all is Scotland—so full of the memories of heroic deeds and historic incidents that it is impossible to deal with them in detail here. There is the diadem of the Western Isles, the ever changing light and shade of the Western Lochs and Lochans, the glorious beauty of the fairyland Trossachs, and the counties of the east with their beautiful cities and towns lying sunnily amid the mountains, deer forests, and pine woods, and beyond, the Orkneys and Shetland sparkling in the northern seas.

The cottage of Mary Arden, Shakespeare's mother, set in the lovely Warwick village of Wilmcote, North of Stratford-on-Avon **MIDLAND**

LAKELAND A Cumberland valley filled with the tents of young health-seekers

Bamborough Castle on its rocky outcrop is a superb feature of Northumberland's Coast **BORDERLAND**

HIGHLAND Glen Gour has a weird attraction all its own with its pre-historic fortress islet

LOWLAND To Auld Reekie; two great trunk services converge on the Scottish capital. Here is a glimpse of Holyrood Castle seen from the end of High Street where it merges into Canongate

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL BUREAU will be happy to give information with regard to resorts, hotels, routes and fares to intending travellers. Personal and unbiased advice is given. 3d. in stamps (for postage of literature) should accompany all requests which are answered free. Enquiries should be addressed THE SPHERE Travel Bureau, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

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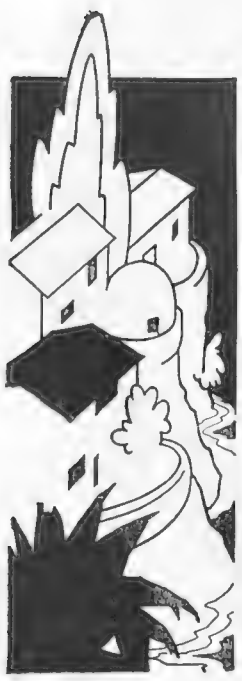

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The "Seven Seas," of which Kipling has sung in patriotic verse, once uncharted and full of adventure that lured the navigators of old across them to discover new worlds and unknown continents, are nowadays no longer uncharted, though happily for the voyager on pleasure bent there is still the allure of adventure and novelty of experience.

Cruising holidays are to-day one of the most popular forms of travel. And what was perhaps even only a decade ago a form of holiday chiefly for the well-to-do has, by the enterprise of British and other steamship companies, become, by the reductions of fares, and splendid organization of routes, a possibility for almost all who have the leisure.

THE ROCK: Catalan Bay on the western face of Gibraltar is a justly popular *plage*

What a choice there is, too! One may go to almost any part of the world to-day in luxury by the greater liners and special "cruising" steamers, and in the greatest comfort by the ordinary services of the smaller lines. In fact to-day the boats which plough the Seven Seas have many of the characteristics in their comfort, equipment, amusements, and social amenities of the best type of hotel.

A walk down Cockspur Street, Pall Mall, and adjacent streets and a glance into the windows of the great shipping companies, with their magnificent scale models of the various liners and wealth of pictorial advertising, is enough to show how well the world is to day charted for the holiday-maker and traveller by sea, and how thoroughly the so-called "terrors" and discomforts of ocean travel of former times have been eliminated.

There are cruises short and long, cruises north, east, south, and west. Cruises which take one to the comparatively nearby Canary Islands or Madeira for sunshine; to that vast and intriguing inland sea, the Mediterranean, with its palm-bordered coast, scattered islands, and sunny azure sea; to South Africa with its delightful climate, fine scenery, and facilities for sport of all kinds; to Egypt and its antiquities; to Ceylon with its spice-laden breezes; to the intriguing ports of the North African coast; to India; Burma; the Straits Settlements; to the West Indies with their blue seas, fine climate, and atmosphere of romance; to the marvellous Amazon and South American ports.

To avoid repetition one may say that nowadays the arrangements on the steamers of all the principal lines for organized pleasure, trips ashore, amusements, etc., are all that can be desired. They may vary a little in details, but they have the same object in view, the comfort and enjoyment of the passengers. In a number of the liners there are not only facilities for enjoyment, but also for keeping fit in the shape of swimming baths and gymnasia.

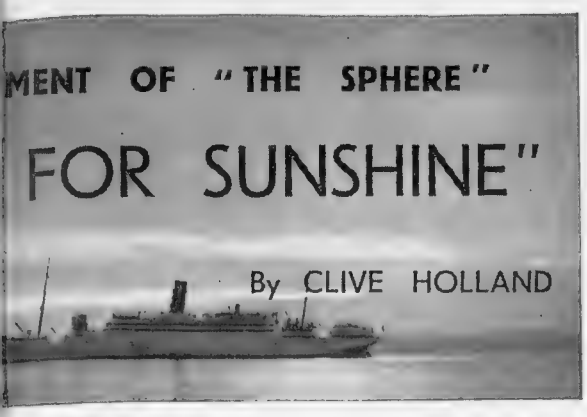
What a comprehensive programme is mapped out for the holiday-maker on blue water by our shipping companies all the year round. For holiday-taking to-day is not confined to any one portion of the year, because there are opportunities of choosing a climate to suit each portion of the year. And a cruise to fit in with the time at one's disposal, and the money one can afford to spend. Here is a contrast to illustrate what we mean. A cruise to Gibraltar, "a little piece of Britain on the Continent," and back on a luxury liner for £8 8s., and a cruise round the world for about £500, 1st class in each case, the first taking five days, the second as many more months.

Many of the cruises at Easter and in the immediate future are so arranged that there are a few hours at least to be spent ashore at the chief ports of call, an additional attraction that will be much appreciated.

To take some of the companies and their attractive cruises as they occur to us. The Cunard Line are sending their great luxury ships, the *Mauretania* and *Aquitania*, cruising to Gibraltar and back for Whitsuntide and the following week. The fame of these boats is too well known to need comment. The fare is amazing, £8 8s. The bookings are already so heavy for this exceptional opportunity to enjoy sunshine, sea air, and a novel experience, and see Gibraltar, famed in story, that no time should be lost in making a reservation. There are other equally attractive cruises in the Atlantic. And from March onwards there are conveniently arranged short and longer trips to Spain and Portugal, the island of Majorca, Madeira, and North Africa, followed in the August Bank Holiday week by a cruise in the monster liner *Berengaria*, of 52,000 tons, to Madeira. During the same month there are attractive cruises arranged round the British Isles, and also to Spain.

THE CRY OF ISLAM resounds from this minaret of the Mosque of the Agha Djami, in Constantinople

The Orient Line have a wonderful series of cruises arranged from the present time till the end of the Summer holiday season; including an Easter cruise to the Holy Land, Egypt, with visits to Algiers, Tripoli, Alexandria, Port Said, Rhodes, Constantinople, Phaleron Bay for Athens, and Gibraltar. This cruise, in addition to the interest of Egypt and the Holy Land, brings the traveller in close touch with some of the most romantic and historic cities of the



North African coast, and of the Eastern Mediterranean, and the pictorial atmosphere of the Arabian Nights. But one's taste may lie in the direction of a more bracing tour to the islands of the Atlantic and western coast of North Africa, such as that offered by the *Orford* in June, lasting sixteen days and costing only 25 guineas. Other equally attractive cruises are to the Norwegian fiords, visiting those delightful and picturesque cities that nestle in them, or along the rugged Norwegian coast, and to the northern capitals. Few, we imagine, will readily forget their first visit to the Adriatic and the wonder cities of the Yugo-Slavian (once Dalmatian) coast. Such a cruise is also offered at the end of August. Then, of course, there is that wonderful experience of a voyage to Australia by this line for those who can afford the necessary time.

THE NORTH OF AFRICA: An impressive view from the wall of Tripoli

From Easter onwards the White Star Company are running cruises from Liverpool to the Mediterranean and other places. One of the most attractive, which gives the voyager a sixteen days cruise in the Atlantic and Mediterranean, and an opportunity of visiting such interesting ports of call as Vigo, Casablanca, Tangier, Algiers, Palma, Gibraltar, and Lisbon, leaves Liverpool for sixteen days on the day before Good Friday. An additional attraction of this cruise is the opportunity of going ashore, and afterwards of telling one's friends that one has not only seen, but visited, the various places. At the end of July there is a splendid cruise by the *Homeric* to the Atlantic Isles, Morocco, and Gibraltar.

The Royal Mail Company offers a wide choice of delightful opportunities for cruising holidays. They have Mediterranean cruises by such well-known luxury vessels as the *Atlantis* and *Alcantara*. And for those who fancy a longer voyage there are the service and special cruises to South America, Brazil via France, Spain, Portugal and Madeira, including the Argentine and Uruguay, from Southampton. Another cruise is that to the west coast of South America visiting Bermuda, the oldest self-governing colony of the British Empire, with its wonderful scenery, caves and "sea gardens," which latter are viewed through the glass bottom of specially constructed boats; and facilities for all kinds of sport. Havana, that beautiful West Indian modern pleasure city, the resort of rich Americans and the playground of the western world, with a hinterland of tobacco plantations famed throughout the world, and luxuriant countryside; Panama City, with the giant locks of the Canal, which has sprung up on the site once a hotbed of malaria, now by science made as healthy as any other modern city. Here one is in the very region of romance associated with the pirates of long ago, and especially the amazing exploits of that arch-pirate Sir Henry Morgan. One also has a glimpse of those, to most Europeans, mysterious lands, Chile and Peru. One of these magnificent holiday cruises in the nearfuture is by the famous luxury cruiser *Reina del Pacifico*.

There are few cruising liners which approach the *Arandora Star* of the Blue Star Line in beauty and mechanical perfection. It is, too, the only cruising vessel in which all the cabins are fitted with bedsteads in place of the less commodious and less comfortable bunks. On her one obtains the comfort, luxury, and service expected at a first-class hotel. The Blue Star line runs to South America taking on the way Lisbon and Madeira, and visiting Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo, and Buenos Aires, giving for those in search of an unusual kind of cruise just what they are looking for. The *Arandora Star* offers two immensely popular and intriguing cruises in March and April of about four weeks duration each. They may both be described as Mediterranean cruises, but they differ materially in their itineraries. The first taking the holiday-maker to Gibraltar, Palermo in beautiful Sicily, Nauplia (for Mycenae and other places), Phaleron Bay (for Athens), most interesting Rhodes, anciently famed for its colossus, one of the seven wonders of the world, Haifa, Port Said (for Cairo), that strange little island Malta of importance out of all proportion to its size, Sousse (for Kairoun), Algiers, and then back to Southampton. Either of these cruises will leave delightful memories of interesting and beautiful places behind them. They are, indeed, tours of Colour, Mystery, and Romance. The same line have cruises later in the year, from June onwards, to the Norwegian Fiords, the Baltic, and northern capitals, also to Iceland and Spitzbergen, and a special tour to Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Esthonia, Latvia, Germany, and Holland.

1,000 YEARS OLD: A fantastically gnarled tree on the Balearic Island of Majorca

The Booth Line offers one of the best cruises for those in search of more novelty than falls to one's lot on a "straight" sea trip, that to South America and up the Amazon. There is a thrill in the mere idea of being outward bound for the southern seas, and when in addition there is the prospect of a 1,000 miles voyage up such a mighty river as the Amazon one

(Cont. on page 360)

Summer Wonder Trips
in Giant Atlantic Liners

Catch a floating hotel in holiday mood . . . go cruising this summer in a great Atlantic liner . . . spend from 5 to 12 days visiting delightful British or Continental ports . . . "one class only" in all ships . . . you can sail from Liverpool, London (Tilbury), Southampton, Newcastle, Belfast, or Dublin . . . Write now for full summer holiday cruising programme.

Nine Cruises—May to August

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FRANCE GIBRALTAR BRITISH ISLES

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ONE CLASS ONLY

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MARCH 12 ..... **From Southampton**
21 days from 42 guineas

SPAIN, N. AFRICA, CANARY ISLES & PORTUGAL
APRIL 5 ..... **From Southampton**
16 days from 32 guineas

Apply Cunard Line, Liverpool, London, or local offices and agents.

Cunard

THE PLEASURE CITY: Havana (whither numbers of wealthy Americans repair for a drink!) seen from its exquisite harbour

SPECIAL CRUISING SUPPLE

"ALL ABOARD

By CLIVE

(Continued

must, indeed be jaded by travel not to look forward to the experience. The lure of the Amazon for those who have once seen it, with its wild luxuriance of foliage, marvellous butterflies—some as large as small birds—chattering flocks of gay-hued parrots, gorgeously coloured flowers and marvellous sunsets, can scarcely be adequately described in print.

There is the wonderful voyage, calling at Lisbon, Madeira, and Para with its jumble of picturesque shipping in the Ver-o-peso dock at the mouth of the river, and then the voyage up to Manaos, that wonder city set amid the primeval forest, with its great Opera House, wide streets, and fine modern public and commercial buildings.

A crossing of some 5,000 miles of summer seas from Liverpool to Para, and then the restful, amazingly interesting voyage up the Amazon, seeing as one sits comfortably in one's deck chair the ever varying scenery, tree ferns, palms, and tropical foliage slip silently past one, with here and there a native village appearing on the banks from time to time as the river grows narrower. Truly a unique experience.

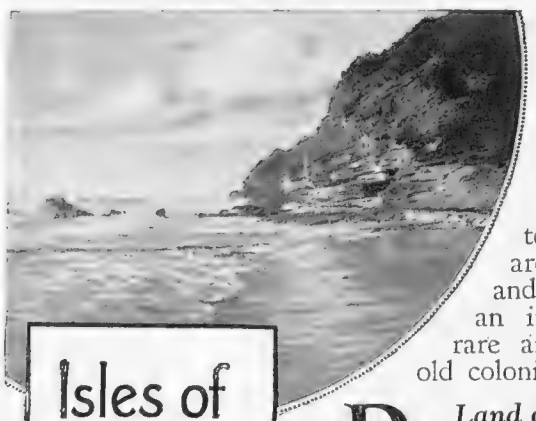
The P. & O. cruises have long been popular. They were, we believe, originally initiated because so many of the passengers who used the line to go to the Orient remarked that they passed so many interesting places *en route*, of which they saw nothing. Nowadays the cruises by the P. & O pleasure cruises *Strathnaver, Strathaird, and Viceroy of India*, provide just that opportunity which the long voyage lacked. The attractive cruises vary in length from 14 to 21 days, and in cost from 25 to 35 guineas. From the beginning of May until September, one may visit most of the leading ports of the Mediterranean, and the Adriatic, or take a cruise to Norway and the northern capitals. The three ships we have named are turbo-electric vessels, the last word in construction, comfort and beauty. No region of "the Seven Seas," indeed, can surpass the Mediterranean for beauty and interest as a cruising ground. And the approach to it down the coast of Spain is to touch upon the fringe of history and romance.

Whichever cruise is taken, one is sure to find interest and enjoyment, and store up memories of summer nights, sunny days, and fascinating sights and places. The choice is a wide one, and in at least one cruise one zigzags about the Inner Sea in a most fascinating manner, from the coast of Spain to that of North Africa and back to Italy.

The Lloyd Triestino Company have shortened the route to India, and by its service from Genoa to Bombay enable travellers to reach that latter port in

Ewing Galloway

TROPIC TOBOGGANS: "Bracts," the bases of palm leaves, are used in Panama by the young generation to coast over grass as a luge glides over snow



Isles of peace and rest

Come to Bermuda's quiet isles where rush and hurry are unknown; where Nature lures to real rest and where peace is everywhere. Outdoor sports—yachting, golf, bathing, tennis — on land and sea are enjoyed to the full, and over all there broods an inborn hospitality, rich, rare and mellow, as in some old colonial home.

Land of Sunshine and Flowers

BERMUDA

For full particulars write the Pacific Steam Navigation Co., Goree, Water St., Liverpool, or The Bermuda Trade Development Board, 329, High Holborn, London, W.C.1

IN THE NARROWS: A scene on the Amazon, up which the Booth cruises penetrate to Manaos, 1,000 miles from the coast

MENT OF "THE SPHERE"

FOR SUNSHINE"

HOLLAND

(From p. 359)

eleven days by their new motor vessel, the *Victoria*. This latest addition to the fleet of this well-known company is the speediest motor vessel on the Bombay service. Magnificently fitted and found, all that modern knowledge can suggest as regards comfort and luxury has been applied, and spaciousness between decks and on the promenade deck gives an airiness that is much appreciated in voyages to the East. The system of cabin and other ventilation is such that the vessel can be mechanically cooled whatever the natural temperature may be, a great asset as regards comfort on a voyage to India especially when passing through the Suez Canal and Red Sea. The Mediterranean cruises of this line are most attractive, and that known as the "Round the Levant" cruise especially well worth while.

Commencing in the middle of March and continuing until the end of September, the Bibby Line are offering facilities for cruises and tours to the north coast of Africa and Spain, and to Marseilles for the South of France and Riviera at most attractive specially reduced rates. The privilege attaches to the latter tours of returning by the steamers of other lines on adjustment of fares, so that a frequent homeward service is provided from Marseilles, enabling the tourist to prolong or shorten the holiday at will. The steamers sail from Liverpool, and a ticket is provided from Gibraltar and return by the local boat that connects the fortress rock with Tangier in North Africa. The return can also, in the case of this tour, be made by steamers of another line to Southampton. This line, of course, has also regular services to Egypt, Ceylon, Southern India, and Burma, offering a wide choice of longer cruises.

Few people when planning an ocean cruise to combine with it a land tour think of Britain's oldest colony, Newfoundland. John Cabot, the discoverer, sailed from Bristol in 1497. For centuries Bristol and other ships have fished off the Newfoundland banks, and thus the colony may justly claim special consideration from British tourists.

Newfoundland offers many attractions. It has magnificent natural scenery, and for those needing and liking an open-air holiday can have few rivals. It is just the land for hikers and campers, and with its enchantingly beautiful coastline, spruce and birch-clad mountains of the interior, beautiful rivers, and vast lakes, has a variety of scenic beauty that cannot pall. It is an angler's paradise, reached by steamer in about six days, and trout abound both brown, speckled, and rainbow, while salmon up to 40 lb. reward the angler. The well-known Furness Line,

(Continued on p. 362)

THE LUXURY CITY OF THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE: An aerial view of B.A., a glorious port of call on some of this year's long-distance luxury cruises

Travelling as a Privileged Guest

The Government of British Columbia is inviting a selected party to tour the province as the Government's paying guests. Twelve thousand miles of officially conducted first-class travel. Unique opportunity for business men and intending residents. Sailing—**Liverpool, May 27th.** Home—**July 15th.** Inclusive Fare **£177.10.0.** First-class travel and hotels, meals, gratuities *(except on boat)*, etc.

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Wondrous rugged scenery in British Columbia.

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MARCH 18 for 29 DAYS INCLUSIVE FARE FROM 50 GNS.

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Keep your money in the country—without sacrificing the new Health and Strength that the Sunshine of Foreign Lands ensures.

No other Cruising Liner afloat can offer you such perfect charm and comfort. Beautiful Public Rooms, delightful Ballroom, Verandah Café, charming Staterooms, Louis XIV Restaurant, New open air Tiled Swimming Bath with Sun Lido. Extensive Sports Decks and Silent Sun-Decks away from games.

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- To Tangier, Palma, Palermo, Kurcola, Venice, Split, Dubrovnik, Corfu, Sousse, Phillippeville, Malaga — April 22 — 25 Days — From 45 Gns
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Your £1 is always worth 20/- on the "Arandora Star"

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A GOTHIC CATHEDRAL, seat of an archbishopric, is one of the loveliest features of Upsala, Sweden. The town has both an old quarter and a new quarter

SPECIAL CRUISING SUPPLEMENT OF "THE SPHERE"

"ALL ABOARD FOR SUNSHINE"

By CLIVE HOLLAND

(Continued from p. 361)

and the brilliant sunshine and blue sky something to remember. The coastline from Cape York in the north to Cape Howe in the south is one of great beauty and variety. The welcome that those from the Old Country get is a warm one. The same line also have attractive services to the Far East, including Hong Kong, Shanghai, now so much in the news, and Japan, calling on the way at Marseilles, Colombo, and Malaya. A new departure is a cruise to Egypt on the "All-in" principle at specially reduced rates from May onwards, from Liverpool.

Yet another attractive cruise is that of the far-famed *Duchess of Richmond* in order to attract British sportsmen and tourists in increasingly large numbers nowadays quote an "All-in" ticket which embraces not only sea transport, train fares, hotel expenses, use of guides, canoes, but in fact everything. Fishing is free, and abundant sport is to be enjoyed. There is shooting, too, to be had, and the sportsman may therefore be well advised to turn his attention to this portion of the British Empire.

Those in search of a long and restful cruise, health-giving and restorative, cannot make a better choice than a voyage in a Blue Funnel liner to Australia. Indeed, there is much at the end of the voyage, too, to reward one's enterprise. Australia has many attractions that are unique. Among these the wonderful bathing on equally wonderful sandy beaches, where the Pacific rollers are a sheer joy,

WONDERS OF THE ANCIENT—AND THE MODERN WORLD: The Great Pyramid of Egypt before which the Sphinx gazes across the desert

THE VENICE OF THE NORTH: A view of Stockholm taken from the tower of the Town Hall over the island of Riddarholmen

of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company which leaves Southampton on March 12 for the Mediterranean. It lasts twenty-one days and visits among other places Ceutra, Palma, the picturesque capital of Majorca, Naples, Messina, and then, crossing to the North African coast, interesting Tripoli, with its remains of Roman civilization, fascinating Algiers, where the age-old East mingles with modern French developments and, amid brilliant sunshine, one gets a blaze of colour. Then Barcelona and Lisbon are visited on the homeward voyage.

On the Canadian Pacific programme there is an interesting feature this year, a Scholars cruise, on the *Montrose* from Liverpool to Spain and Portugal. Other cruises to the Mediterranean are down for the months of July and August, and also to the Norwegian fiords and North Cape by the *Empress of Australia*. In the autumn the Mediterranean cruises recommence and the only

(Continued on p. 364)

P&O CRUISES

CONSTANTINOPLE ATHENS VENICE DALMATIA

EGYPT MALTA NAPLES PALMA MADEIRA SPAIN PORTUGAL NORWAY the NORTHERN CAPITALS etc

May 6—Constantinople, Athens, &c. 21 *days.* *From* 35 *guineas.*
May 14—Venice, Dalmatia, &c. 21 *days.* *From* 35 *guineas.*
May 28—Monte Carlo, Majorca, &c. 14 *days.* *From* 25 *guineas.*
Jul. 30—Norway, Baltic Capitals, &c. 20 *days.* *From* 34 *guineas.*
Aug. 13—Malta, Egypt, Naples, &c. 20 *days.* *From* 34 *guineas.*
Aug. 20—Lisbon, Madeira, Morocco, &c. 13 *days.* *From* 24 *guineas.*
Aug. 20—Arosa Bay, Venice, Dalmatia, &c. 20 *days.* *From* 34 *guineas.*
Sep. 3—Monte Carlo, Naples, Algiers, &c. 14 *days.* *From* 25 *guineas.*
Sep. 10—Monte Carlo, Naples, Algiers, &c. 14 *days.* *From* 25 *guineas.*

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STRATHNAVER & STRATHAIRD 22,500 tons

Silent, swift and still in their passage through the seas, the beautiful White Sisters "Strathnaver" and "Strathaird," **"23,000 tons of power and beauty,"** *fresh from their maiden voyages, will join the "Viceroy of India," already beloved of sea travellers, in the P & O Summer Cruising Service of 1932.*

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12 DAYS AT SEA TO MARSEILLES AND BACK

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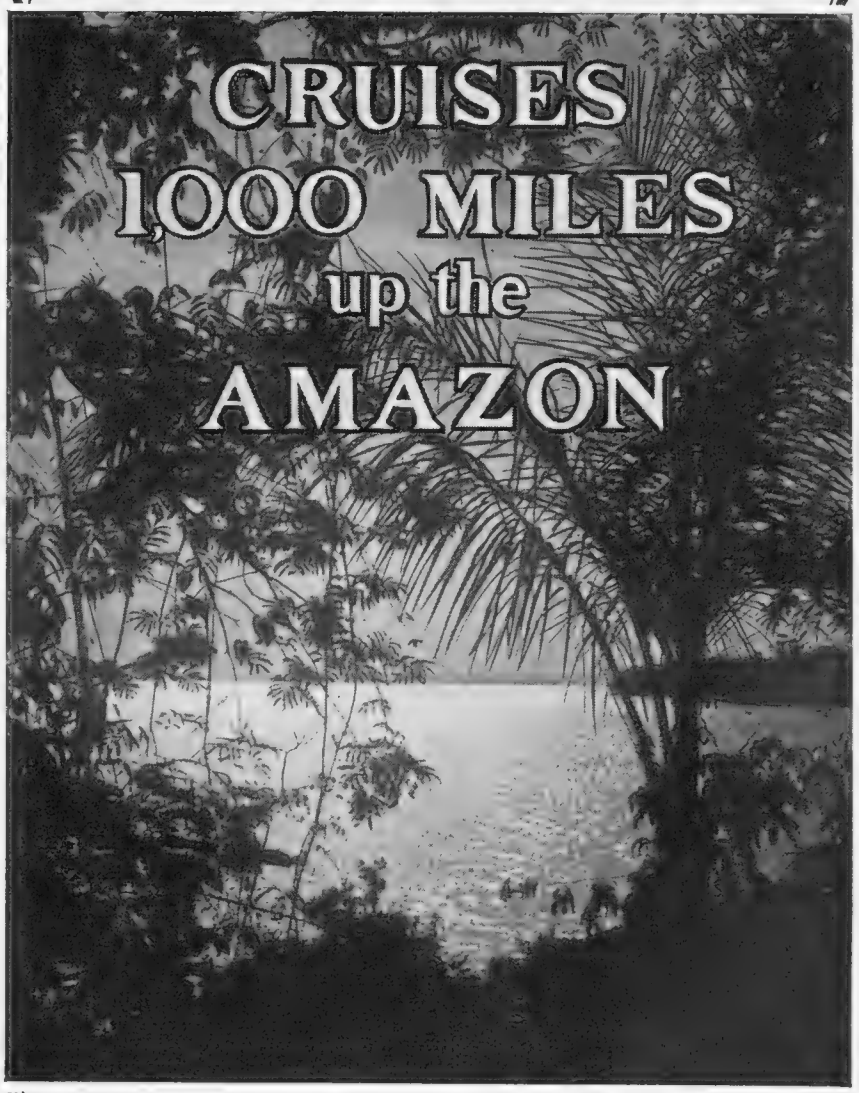

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In addition, **3 WEEKS TOURS,**
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WHITE STAR

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MARCH 24 S.S. DORIC (16,500 tons)
Easter Week-end Cruise. From Liverpool, 4 days from **£6** Tourist

APRIL 29 S.S. DORIC
to Spain, Portugal, Morocco. From Liverpool, 12 days from **£12** Tourist

MAY 13 S.S. DORIC
Whitsun Week-end Cruise. From Liverpool, 3 days from **£5** Tourist

MAY 14 R.M.S. OLYMPIC (46,500 tons)
Whitsun Week-end Cruise. From Southampton, 3 days from **£6** 1st Class, **£3** Tourist

MAY 19 S.S. DORIC
Second Whit Week-end Cruise. From Liverpool, 3 days from **£5** Tourist

JULY 2 S.S. DORIC
to Spain, Portugal, Morocco. From Liverpool, 12 days from **£12** Tourist

JULY 15 S.S. DORIC
to Spain, Portugal, Morocco. From Liverpool, 12 days from **£12** Tourist

JULY 30 R.M.S. OLYMPIC
August Bank Holiday Week-end Cruise. From Southampton, 3 days from **£6** 1st Class, **£3** Tourist

JULY 30 S.S. ADRIATIC
August Bank Holiday Week-end Cruise. From Liverpool, 3 days from **£5** 1st Class, **£3** Tourist

JULY 30 R.M.S. HOMERIC
to the Mediterranean. From Southampton, 14 days from **£21**

AUGUST 6 S.S. ADRIATIC
to Spanish Ports. From Liverpool, 8 days from **£14** 1st Class, **£8** Tourist

AUGUST 20 S.S. DORIC
to the Mediterranean. From Southampton, 12 days from **£12** Tourist

SEPTEMBER 3 S.S. DORIC
to the Mediterranean. From Southampton, 12 days from **£12** Tourist

Full particulars from White Star Offices or Local Agents

WHITE STAR

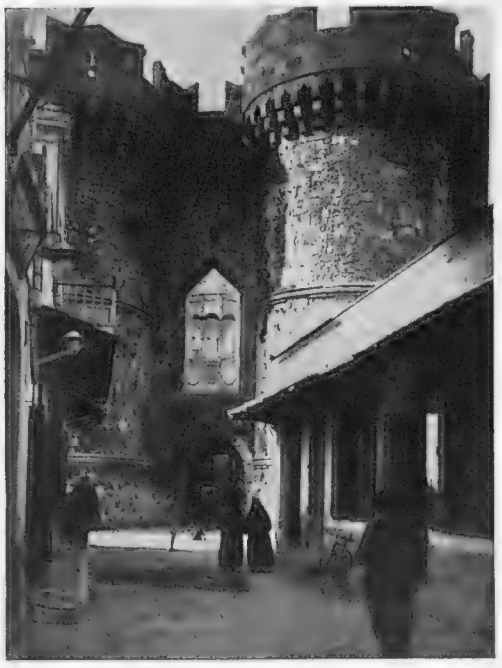
"ALL ABOARD FOR SUNSHINE"

By CLIVE HOLLAND

(Continued from p. 362)

"Round the World Cruise" by the *Empress of Britain*, leaves from Southampton in November for five-and-a-half months. In addition to all these attractions the Canadian Pacific have arranged a very full programme of inexpensive summer tours to Canada and the United States, visiting such centres as Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa, Toronto, Niagara Falls and New York. Also a fascinating journey right across Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast.

The Government of British Columbia are offering a very unusual opportunity of seeing the country under official auspices, a privilege ordinarily given to the fortunate few. A glorious holiday can be spent in this portion of the British Empire, and at the same time, 12,000 miles of travel taken amid some of the most lovely scenery in the world including the Rocky Mountains, which provides what may be well called a liberal education. The Official Inspectional Tour of the Canadian Pacific Coast personally conducted and visiting many places of interest in the province including Windermere, Nelson, Kootenay Valleys, Vancouver, Vernon, Duncan, Prince Rupert, etc., also the Niagara Falls, and Great Lakes, Fort William, Banff, Lake Louise and the famous Jasper Park. This tour includes not only cities of vital commercial interest, but such scenery as that about which most people have only dreamt.



RAMPARTS OF HISTORY: St. Catherine's Gate, one of the most impressive monuments on the island of Rhodes

There is a class of sea-going tourist, however, for whom the luxury steamers with their highly organized social life, round of amusements and gaiety possess less attractions than a voyage under ideal conditions of comfort, a quietude of the sea, and with a more or less select and not too numerous passenger list has distinct attractions. For these the B. and N. Royal Mail line have cruises after their own heart to offer. The accommodation of their cruising steamers *Stella Polaris* and *Meteor* is limited to about 200 passengers in place of 500 or more on the larger liners. Some of the other advantages of such cruises are the greater ease and speed of embarkation and disembarkation at ports, the greater possibility of making just the acquaintances one desires, and the greater ease with which interesting shore excursions can be successfully carried out. All points worthy of note. There are attractive Mediterranean cruises in April and May, including Spain, Gibraltar, Morocco, Canary Islands, Madeira and the Balearic Islands. Also to the Norwegian fiords, Spitsbergen, and the northern capitals.

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MAURESQUE: A scene in the old Moorish quarter of Casablanca on the Moroccan Coast

A "HIGH-SPOT" OF QUEBEC: The hotel Chateau Frontenac, one of the modern facets of the old French Canadian city which still retains much of its traditional and old-world charm

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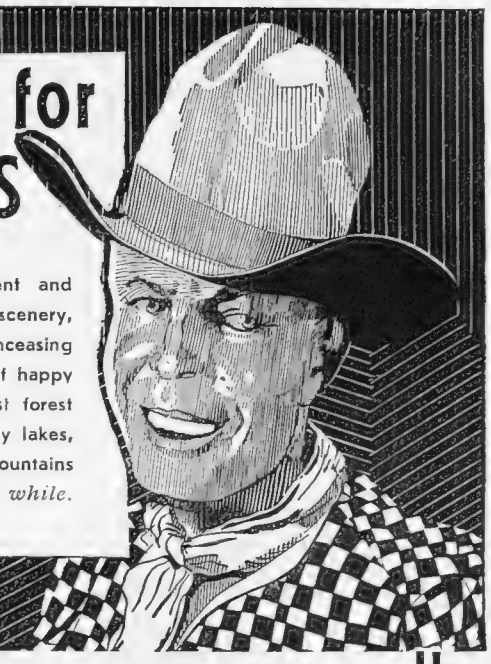

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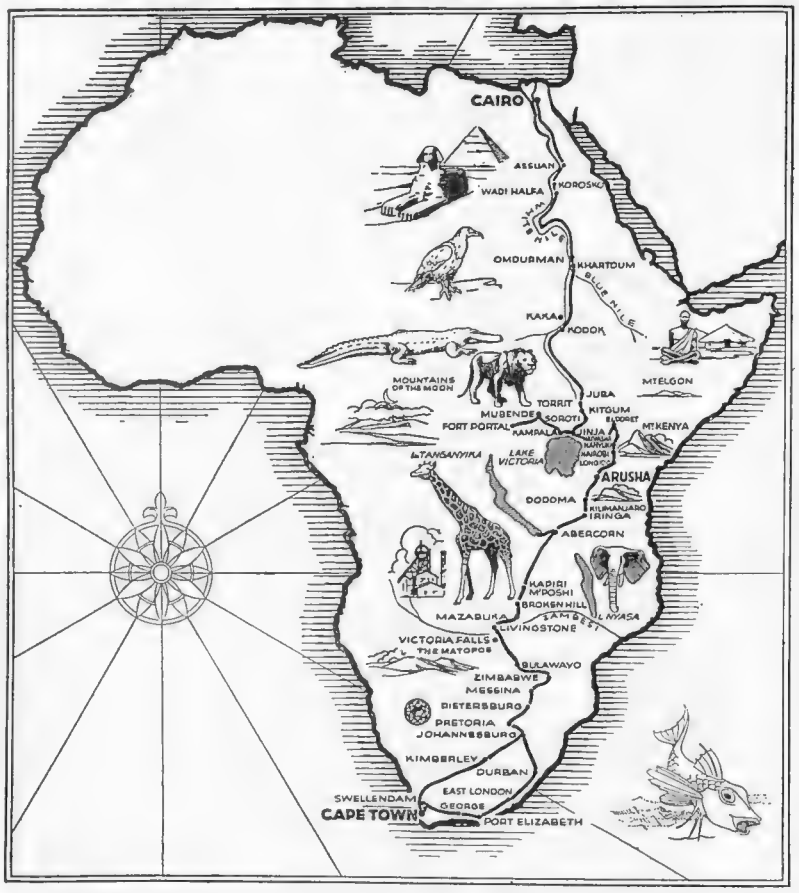

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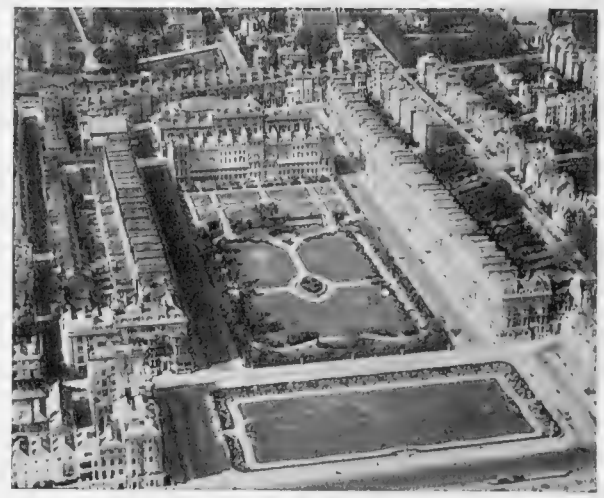
SOUTH for

By MAXWELL

The slogan of "South for Sunshine" not only strikes pleasantly on the ear with its alliteration, but carries conviction in its message. However much you may tell an Englishman of the midnight sun of the far north, in his heart he believes that only in the south can sunshine be found—and therein lies the secret of the ever-growing popularity of South Coast resorts. The names of South Coast towns have become identified in the public mind with a vision of golden sunshine and warmth, and a spontaneous gaiety more akin to that of Continental holiday towns than is usual elsewhere in England.

It is, perhaps, the proximity of the South Coast to France which induces this note of care-free happiness, for steamer trips are run from several of the more famous South Coast towns to French ports, and such a close intercourse is maintained in consequence that the Gallic freedom from the irritation of petty restrictions has to a large extent been adopted in the English resorts. Sunday entertainments are a matter of course in many of these towns, and a multiplicity of amusements is provided for every day of the week.

Although some of these South Coast towns are of recent development, in the majority of them modernity joins hands with the past to make an ideal resort.



ST. LEONARDS Set just to the west of Hastings, this delightful resort is a splendid centre for touring

FOLKESTONE An aerial impression of the great starting place for Continental travel

Hastings was once one of the famous Cinque ports, and retains picturesque links with its past in the ivy-clad ruin of Hastings Castle and the red-roofed fishing village clustered at the foot of the grass-clad cliff on which this ancient fortress stands. The modern town has recently been still further improved by a magnificent new marine parade laid out with flower-beds, beneath which is an underground parking place accommodating 350 cars. Hastings merges imperceptibly into its sister borough of St. Leonard's, the two places combining to form a most attractive holiday and touring centre.

Bexhill-on-Sea is a modern development of the Saxon village of Bexelei, and is a delightful example of the dignified simplicity and exceptional charm which can be achieved by careful planning. There is a fine concert hall, and plenty of amusements are obtainable, but the chief attraction of the town is its atmosphere of repose. A unique feature of Bexhill is Collington Wood, which has been kept in its natural state as a public park. The town is a fine touring centre, among the many fascinating places in the near neighbourhood being the lovely old castles of Bodiam and Hurstmonceaux.

BE The *Plage* of the charming resort

BRIGHTON The entrance to the West Pier and the landward portion of the Palace Pier seen from above the Angel

Eastbourne, one of the most modern of the Sussex resorts, lies in the shelter of the gigantic Beachy Head, the last outpost of the Downs, which wards off cold winds without impeding the refreshing sea-breezes from tempering the summer's heat to a pleasant warmth. Eastbourne's mild and equable climate is evidenced by the glorious display of flowers, an especially enchanting feature of the town being the wonderful flower-beds on the sea-front, which are laid out on three different levels, and are a blaze of colour all through the year.

Seaford, which was formerly attached to Hastings as one of the corporate members of the Cinque ports, was a place of importance all through the Middle Ages,

the SUN

FRASER

This view shows Newhaven and in the distance Seaford nestling in the Downs

NEWHAVEN

but when the channel of the River Ouse shifted to Newhaven on the other side of the valley, it fell into insignificance. A few years ago, however, its healthy situation and convenience as a touring centre led to its development as a holiday resort, and the attraction of its breezy downs and fine cliffs have ensured for the town a steadily increasing popularity.

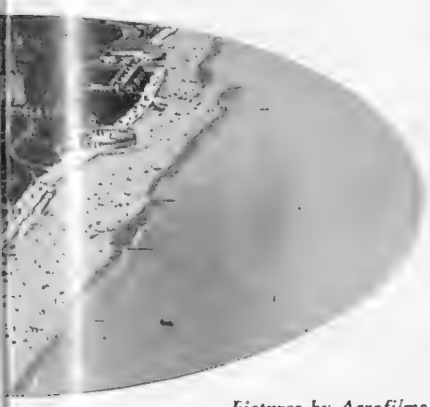
A view looking East to the Redoubt taken from above the Wish Tower

EASTBOURNE

Brighton is the epitome of all the South Coast resorts—a place so famous that its name has become a synonym for the perfect holiday playground, and towns in other parts of the country are proud to call themselves the "Brighton" of their district. Brought into popularity during the eighteenth century by the Prince Regent, Brighton has only grown more fascinating with the passing years. The largest of all the south coast resorts; the nearest to London; the most lavishly provided with amusements and facilities for sports—it is a town which has claimed the affection and wholehearted admiration of hundreds of thousands of people in each successive generation, and never fails to delight every new visitor.

If the pleasure-loving Prince Regent set his seal on Brighton and made it pre-eminent as a centre for amusements, his gentle sister, the Princess Amelia, was no less successful in impressing her charming and sympathetic personality on Worthing. Though a place where every form of amusement is obtainable, it has a quieter atmosphere than its gay neighbour, and is ideal for those who seek a restful holiday no less than for those in search of entertainments.

Though Southsea was founded only in the nineteenth century, the fact that it is the holiday and residential quarter of the far older town of Portsmouth invests it with many stirring historical associations, for the port dates back to the time of the Saxons. Both Jane Austen and Dickens described the life of the town in their novels, and the George Inn has many memories of that great little Admiral, Lord Nelson. The Naval Dockyards are a perpetual delight, and Southsea itself affords its visitors the amenities of a fine sea-front, commanding an enchanting view of the Isle of Wight; a pier with a magnificent concert hall, and another with a pavilion and skating rink; cinemas; a theatre; and excellent facilities for all forms of sport.



Pictures by Aerofilms

HILL

between Eastbourne and Hastings

Bournemouth, the largest holiday town of Wessex, is a delightful place where great cliffs, miles of golden sands, and lovely "chines," as the tree-filled valleys of the district are called, vie with the attractions of the fine hotels and shops, and the magnificent Pavilion, in winning popularity for the town. There are over a hundred miles of charming footpaths and drives in Bournemouth, and the pleasures of this modern town are enhanced by its contrast with its sister town of Poole—one of the most interesting places in Dorset. Among the antiquities of Poole are a gateway dating from the time of Richard III, an old "Town Cellar," and some fourteenth century almshouses. The foregoing are but a few of the entirely delightful places to be found on this famous stretch of coast.

The Central Pleasure Gardens in the sunny centre where the ill are well and the well are better

BOURNEMOUTH

Greet the joyous Springtime

on the

CONQUEROR'S COAST

MUSIC, soft air, warm sunshine, plenty of sport and social amusements and low hotel prices!

HASTINGS & ST. LEONARDS is renowned for music and sunshine. The town has a particularly fine Pavilion, seating 2,000, where the famous Municipal Orchestra, under Julius Harrison, gives a winter programme of classical and popular concerts. Indoor Bowls Pavilion, two Piers, fine hotels, dance halls, golf course. Indoor warm Sea-bathing Pool, etc. Guide free from Dept. C.S., Boro' Association, Hastings.

EASTBOURNE, sheltered by Beachy Head and the South Downs, has a delightfully mild climate, and holds the highest sunshine records. Its attractions include plenty of good music, a magnificent Winter Garden, frequent concerts by world-famed artistes, Theatre, Concert Pavilions, a fine Pier, first-class cinemas, sea-water and Turkish baths, three golf courses, etc. Guide free from Dept. C.S., Information Bureau, Eastbourne.

BEXHILL & COODEN BEACH, sunny and bracing, is a select, modern residential resort with excellent hotels, and splendid schools; pure water, free from chalk, and a high record for the health-giving ultra-violet rays. It has three well-known golf courses, fox and hare hunting and coursing, hard tennis courts, sea-fishing. Guide free from Dept. C.S., Town Clerk, Bexhill-on-Sea.

SEAFORD, which nestles in the South Downs, appeals to those seeking a restful or sporting holiday. Its air is extremely pure, evidence of its healthiness being the many boarding schools in the district. There are two fine golf courses, much favoured for winter play. Guide free from Dept. C.S., Chamber of Commerce, Seaford.

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To SEAFORD and EASTBOURNE.
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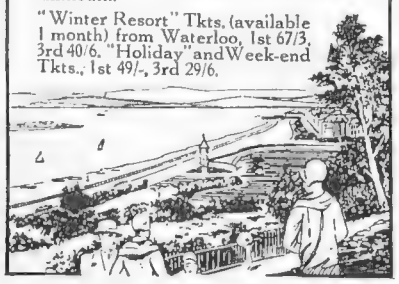

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"The Sphere's" Travel Bureau was inaugurated a few years ago specially to help readers to overcome the many difficulties that arise when the problem of holidays is being discussed.

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SWITZERLAND IN SPRING

By GEOFFREY PINNOCK

The unusually mild and snowless winter which Switzerland has experienced this year will have its inevitable compensation in an early and brilliant Spring.

Already in the southern valleys the snow limit is notably higher than for the same period in previous years, and in sheltered corners along the Geneva littoral aubretia is in bloom and the first narcissi are showing.

To catch the Alpine Spring at its earliest, and in some aspects, most lovely stage it is necessary to make for the valleys which have a definitely southern tilt. These are not only to be found in the southern cantons. Spring, with the rapid recession of the snows and the sudden flaring into sight of wild flowers, reaches the sun-trapping slopes of the Wallensee and the orchards of Glarus and St. Gall almost as quickly and in every way as vividly as it does the vineyard terraces of Vaud and Valais, festooned above the Lake of Geneva and the broad trench of the Rhone Valley.

The concentrated and terribly competent advertising of the more classic Swiss resorts has given the average pleasure traveller a sort of herd mentality

UNKNOWN SWITZERLAND: Sion, once the central fortress of the Rhone Valley, dominated by its ancient castles

that too often stultifies initiative, and the explorative urge to wander wider. Lausanne, Montreux, Lucerne, Interlaken, stock sights of Switzerland though they are, still continue to be supremely lovely, strangely unspoiled, and not all the brightening endeavours of *syndicats d'initiative* or the demands of a mondaine clientèle will ever make them less so. But the limelight thrown on these famous places has to some extent flung shadows upon other centres of charm.

It takes about half an hour by train from Montreux to reach Sion, once the central fortress town of the Rhone Valley and to-day one of the most attractive "unknown" places in Switzerland. Yet few travellers who visit the classic resort have ever heard of Sion.

Sion, the capital of the Canton of Valais, has a fifteenth-century Gothic cathedral and two intensely dramatic castles that glare at each other across the jumbled old roofs of the town from their perches upon fantastic rock summits. Valère and Tourbillon are their names, and they are as imaginatively satisfying as an illustration by Dulac to a legend of the Middle Ages. Every tile and chimney of Sion seems to lean confidingly to one or other of the castles. The narrow streets wind ever beneath their turrets, so that one looks up to see a quiet domestic gable backed incongruously

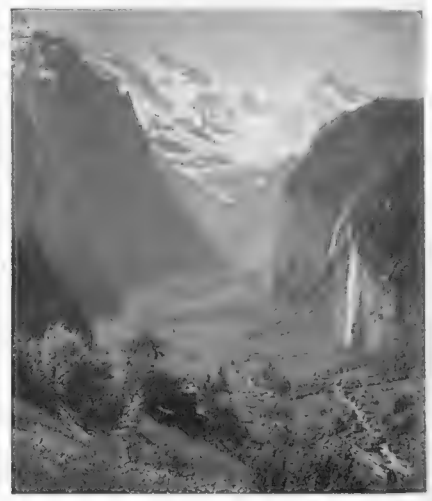
"MUCH VIRTUE IN A"—BUTT! A couple of bullocks frisk at the advent of Spring

by an arrow slit or machicolation. In another quarter of the town the eerie round walls of the *Tour des Sorciers* rises sheer from the green carpet of a small villa vineyard, close to the back windows of one of the hotels. The hotels of Sion are small, unpretentious, very comfortable and utterly clean. Sion is perhaps not a centre for a long stay—with the Lake of Geneva resorts so conveniently near, but it is a place not to be missed. Behind the town the forests spread like a dark sea up the mountain side, until a break in their denseness at the height of 4,000 ft. enables the small spa of Les Mayens de Sion to exist. Here, from the terrace of any of the half-dozen hotels, one may watch in one glance the snow peaks of the Oberland, and the jagged bastions of the Italian frontier.

IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND: Anemones clustering on the foothills of the Alps

In the German-speaking territory of Glarus, Appenzell, and St. Gall the essential Swiss peasant life lives on in its most unadulterated form to-day. Within this area of fertile valleys, green foothills, and rich orchards — with the snow summits just far enough distant to make a perfect backcloth—Switzerland goes its *own* way, and not the way the tourists of the universe cause it to go.

Even the entry into Glarus by the grim Klausen Pass is secretive, as though



IN THE VALLEY OF LAUGHING RILLS: Spring comes to Lauterbrunnen and gives significance to its name

the canton wished always to remain hidden. But the Pass is now threaded by a highway without like in Europe. For thirty miles the engineers have defied the worst precipices of the mountains.

Beyond Glarus the Pragel Pass—one of the oldest routes through the Alps—leads through to Schwyz. This is a good centre at which to base for the exploration of the many valleys that radiate into the wild Grisons. In the two half-cantons of Appenzell (Ausser Rhoden and Inner Rhoden) the old open-air peasant parliaments of the earliest days of the Swiss Republic are still held. These *Landsgemeinden* take place as a rule on the first or second Sunday of May.

The voting and speeches and business of the occasion over, the day becomes a fête, with noisy cheer in every *gasthaus* and dancing in every open space.

THE SUN-TRAP OF THE WEST

By F. G. BAILEY

Patronizing the British Isles is the present "call" to the tourist and holiday-maker in search of Beauty Spots

QUEEN OF OUR RIVIERA: A seaward view of Torquay nestling in its hills

and Health Resorts. In this connection the lines of the Great Western Railway certainly contribute and cover their share, and many places of interest, both historical and otherwise, are to be found in the Company's programme of Holiday Resorts.

To detail every one would absorb pages of print, so it is my intention to concentrate on the parts which are expected to receive the visitor this coming season.

An ideal holiday can be enjoyed in gorgeous Devon. Torquay for instance enjoys unrivalled popularity as a health resort, owing to its great natural beauty, its position, and its equable climate. Until the middle of last century it was an insignificant fishing village—now it is one of the most recognized holiday towns in Great Britain. Many historical parts of interest are to be found within easy reach of Torquay. Sidmouth too is well worth a trip. The town is set in between two hills, both of which, Peak Hill and Salcombe Hill, aspire above the 500 feet line, and is also shut in from the north wind. This Devon town makes an admirable Spring resort and is what used to be termed a "genteel" place. For

WELSH GRANDEUR: The civic centre of Cardiff, showing the castle and Cathays Park

many years past it has been patronized by Royalty and nurses the memory of the Victoria period when the Duke and Duchess of Kent with their young daughter the Princess Victoria lived for a time until the father died in 1820. The Royal tradition has been carried on this year by the Duke of Connaught who, as an example, forewent his beloved Riviera for a British one, and selected Sidmouth for his experiment.

One may promenade its "front" and bathe from its shingly beach without being jostled, and the abrupt cliffs and the rolling country that spreads inland from them tempt the healthy visitor to take to stout boots.

The Cornish Riviera.—Special express trains are run to this part. Penzance is worthy of a visit. Its harbour, an artificial one with a floating dock, is in service as such, and perhaps is worth more to the town than the esplanade. The self-contained nature of this interesting town is further proclaimed by a fine block of public buildings, in which are included the geological Museum and the public library.

The pleasure grounds have a great attraction to the visitor—here one sees cacti and palms, hydrangeas and other exotics flourishing as if they had been laid out solely for the delectation of the town.

St. Ives.—Set on the North Coast of Cornwall, St. Ives is the type of old-fashioned fishing town. With its narrow streets and its primitive quays, it faces the long Atlantic rollers. It ranks after Newlyn as a great artistic centre and has a picturesqueness and quaintness that is rivalled only by so unique a resort as Clovelly.

Off Penzance—or rather Marazion—is set the jewel of St. Michael's Mount, which provides a full morning's or afternoon's entertainment, whether one's interest be archæological, æsthetic, or both. From Penzance, again, runs the vessel to the Scillies which are fragrant in March with flowers, that, on the

A STRONGHOLD IN THE SEA: St. Michael's Mount, the seat of the St. Aubyn family (Lord St. Levan)

mainland, are not seen till April or May.

Somerset.—Weston-super-Mare is another ideal spot for a holiday. It is a popular watering-place, essentially modern and still growing.

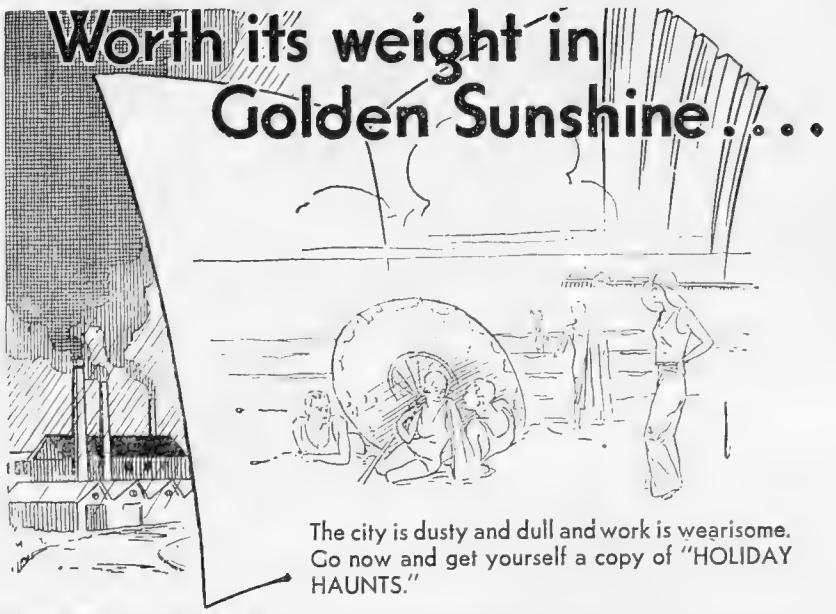
At high water the sea rolls up to the esplanade, but at low water a wide expanse of mud is spread between sand and water. The mud is said to be healthful because of the iodine it exudes.

North Wales.—For those who wish to go farther afield, many fine and interesting scenes are to be witnessed here. The gigantic and majestic scenery the Cambrian hills afford is mellowed by the sweeter charm of villages of, say, the Bettws-y-Coed type. There are relics of the ancient days when the Welsh Marches were maintained in order only by force of arms and such strongholds as Caernarvon and Harlech re-create the history of those troublous times.

In addition the air of the Welsh coast is extremely stimulating.

Channel Islands.—Last but not least these wonderful islands have a great appeal to many visitors. A very good service of boats run the pleasure seeker across to Jersey, Guernsey, etc., at reasonable rates. Living and catering accommodation are good and meet the "pocket" of the average public who require a good and health-giving holiday at minimum expense.

THE HARBOUR OF LOOE: One of the loveliest of Cornish beauty spots



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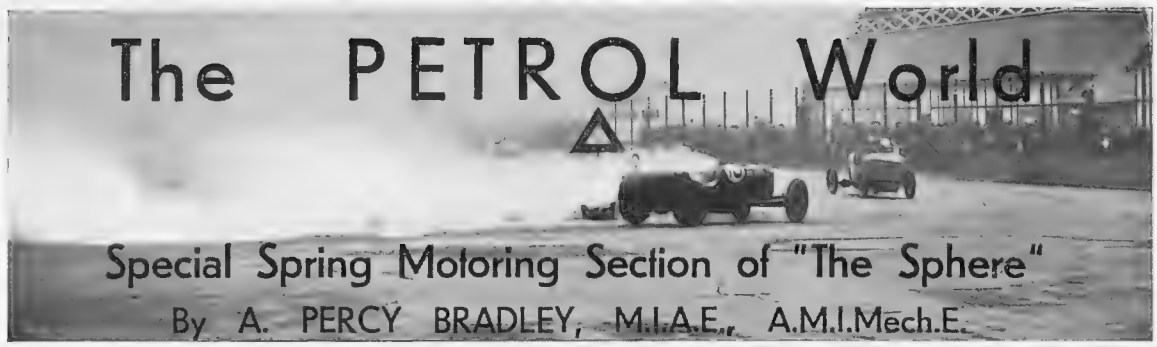
TERMS TO MAY 31st - - from 4½ Guineas Weekly

The PETROL World



Special Spring Motoring Section of "The Sphere"

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

THE SEASON COMMENCES. — Easter this year is abnormally early, the Monday Bank Holiday falling on March 28. Whether it is because Easter is settled as regards its date in some mysterious way by the phase of the moon I do not know, but it can generally be depended upon to be fine and sunny. Therefore, although we have it at the end of March, we may with some justification anticipate having Springlike weather for our enjoyment.

To the motorist Easter is an all-important festival. Just as August 12 marks the beginning of the shooting season, so Easter is looked upon as the commencement of the motoring year. There is, of course, a great proportion of motorists who use their cars continuously during the twelve months, but it must not be forgotten that as each winter comes round many cars are stored away either because their owners do not like wet and greasy roads, fog, or ice, or, as happens in many cases, the dictates of economy compel the car to go into winter quarters. To the owners of all such cars Easter is the time to which they look forward, being the season when they once more sit behind the wheel and experience all the pleasures which motoring can give.

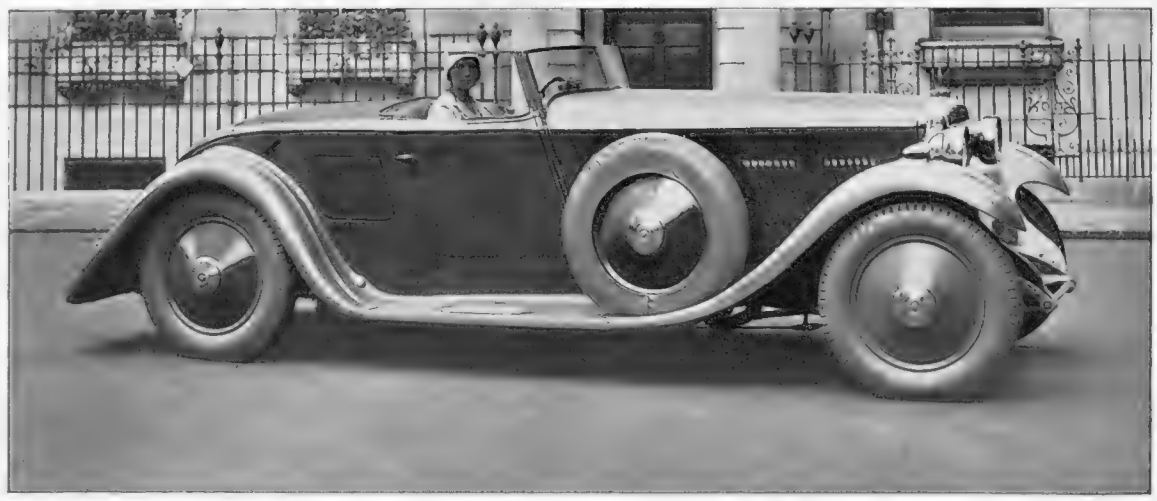
Curiously enough the all-the-year-round motorist has a special regard for Easter and the Spring. To him the question of a new car presents itself at this time. Whether his present mount is one, two or more years old, he cannot help but consider whether the purchase of a new car would make motoring more pleasant and more economical than before.

A CAR EVERY YEAR.—People like myself consider that the only way thoroughly to enjoy motoring is to buy a new car each year. This is a course which I have carried out for at least ten years, and I am convinced after taking everything into consideration that it makes motoring far more pleasurable as well as trouble-free, and I do not think that it costs any more in the long run than sticking to a car for a greater length of time. Every well-known make of car to-day can be depended upon to run without any trouble for at least twelve months. Many of them will run for much longer periods, though the truth of these remarks naturally depends on the mileage covered. I reckon to travel at least 24,000 miles per annum, and so unless the car is really a very high grade article it is odds on that repairs or replacements will have to be carried out during the second twelve months. Although the depreciation after the first year is usually greater than that in following years the freedom from repair bills, etc., tends to even things up.

If a motorist, therefore, uses his car in the same manner as I do he would be well advised to buy a new one each year, and the most obvious time for doing this is just at the approach of Spring. In addition to the hard material facts which make this policy often desirable there is the additional pleasure of trying something new which to me is most important, for I honestly believe that change of possessions is almost as beneficial to health as change of surroundings.

Thousands of motorists must own cars which are nearly at the end of their useful life. Thousands more, particularly at this time, have found that motoring costs them too much. To those in each of these classes I would also say buy a new car, for it will give not only more reliable but also more economical motoring.

As likely as not very few of this great army of people who want new cars have made any decision as to what they will buy. I would suggest that they make haste slowly, taking every precaution to see that when their decision is made the car bought is the one that will best fulfil their requirements.



A MARVEL OF MODERN MECHANICS: Mrs. Joseph A. Mackle in her 20–25-h.p. Daimler Sports two-seater which she has entered in the R.A.C. Rally to Torquay. The body of this veritable rhapsody of the road was made by the Hoyle Body Corporation of Weybridge and finished in light green flecked with gold. The exterior bright parts are finished in brass. The car has been appropriately named "The Magic Carpet"

THE EASTER OVERHAUL. — Then there is the large contingent who dust and polish the cars they have been driving during the winter, or those which have lain idle in their winter

(Continued on p. 372)

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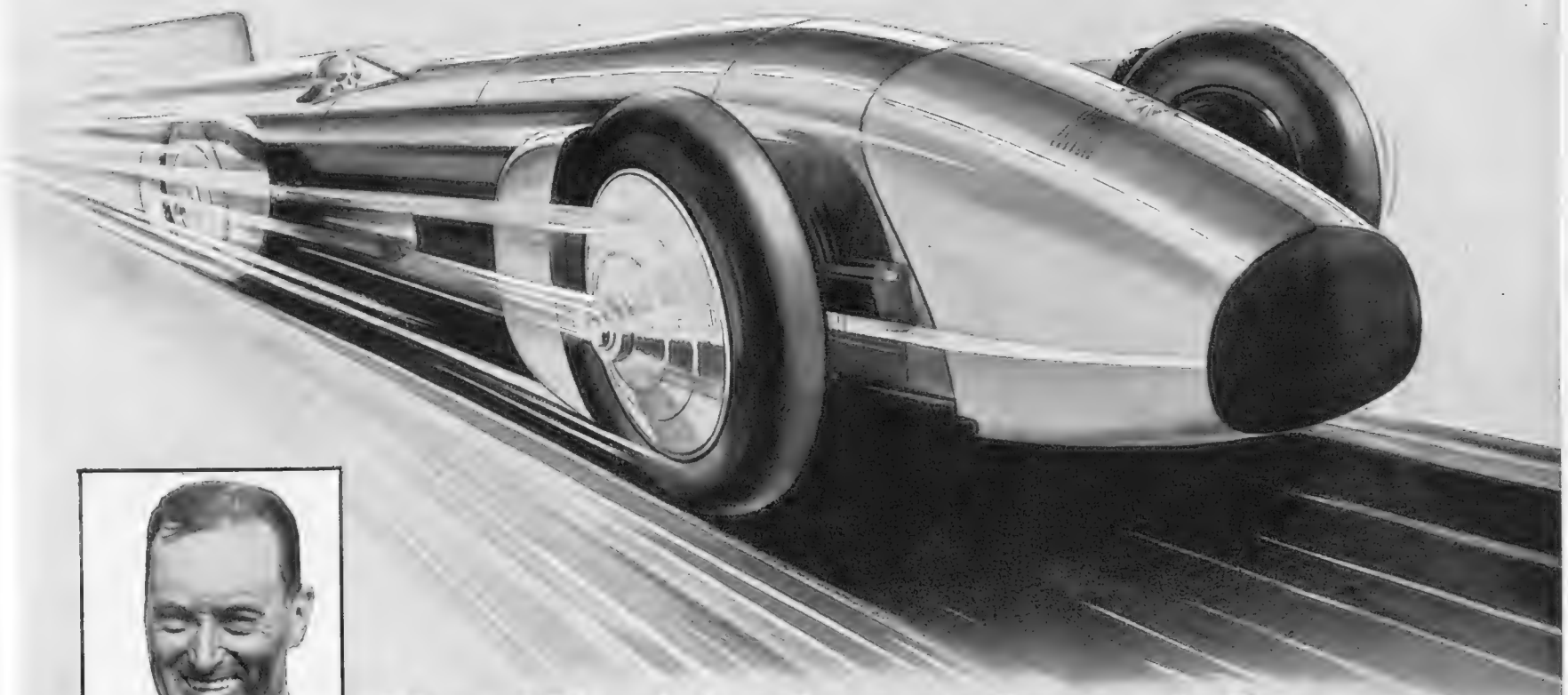


The World's Land Speed Record again falls to Sir Malcolm Campbell again using

WAKEFIELD Castrol MOTOR OIL

Bluebird IV fitted with NAPIER engine attained 253 m.p.h. on Daytona Beach on February 24th.

200 M.P.H. ON LAND HAS NEVER BEEN EXCEEDED WITHOUT CASTROL

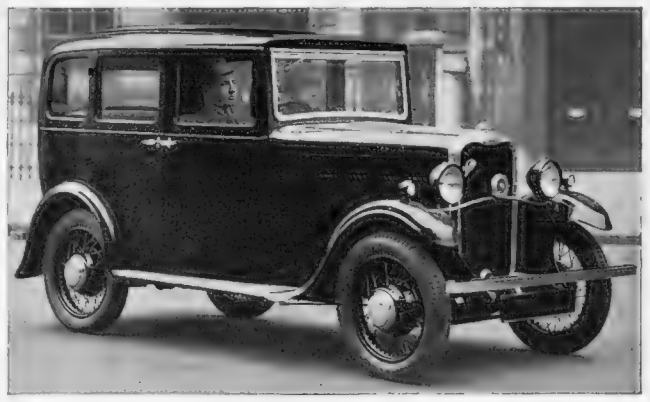
The PETROL World

(Continued from p. 370)

A HIGH LIGHT OF THE MOTOR INDUSTRY: Mr. A. F. Sidgreaves, Managing Director of Rolls-Royce, Ltd. Mr. Sidgreaves has been much in the limelight recently in connection with the purchase of the Bentley assets by Rolls-Royce. He is also Managing Director of the newly-formed Bentley Motors (1931), Ltd.

quarters. For quite good reasons they have lain idle in their winter quarters. For quite good reasons they have decided that their old car will meet their needs during 1932, but let me assure them that a little labour expended on their cars will probably pay them handsomely. Those who have used their cars from November onwards will discover, or have discovered, that in these lighter days the coachwork is looking dull or is scratched badly. If that is the case, in all probability it is the outward and visible sign that the mechanism of the car also requires attention. Before Easter arrives it really is advisable in such cases for the owners to hand their cars over to their agents for a thorough inspection, and, if necessary, overhaul. They may have struggled through the winter, perhaps even limping home on one or two occasions, but when the fine, long days arrive journeys farther afield will be undertaken, and it is then that complete reliability is desirable.

THE CALL OF THE COUNTRY.—It is perhaps a little early to talk of holidays in the sense of weeks away from business, but in the present motoring era week-end holidays are always possible and are enjoyable when fine weather prevails. Such week-ends are a real joy during Spring-time. Winters always appear long and almost unending until one fine day when the atmosphere outside instinctively tells us that the days when roaring fires and hot water bottles are needed will shortly come to an end. When such a day does come along the first thought of every right-thinking man and woman is to get out into the country and see for himself or herself Nature awakening from her long and dreary sleep. There is no use waiting for Summer, for glorious as that season may be the country and the beauty thereof have lost that peculiar freshness which is to be found only during Spring. Driving a car with the hood down, the roof opened and the windows letting in fresh air along a country lane is a tonic so efficacious that the skill of the entire medical profession cannot reproduce it.



NEAT AND COMPACT: The new Singer "9" which combines lightness with luxury and comfort with cheapness and yet retails at the amazing price of £167 10s. for the four-seater four-door saloon

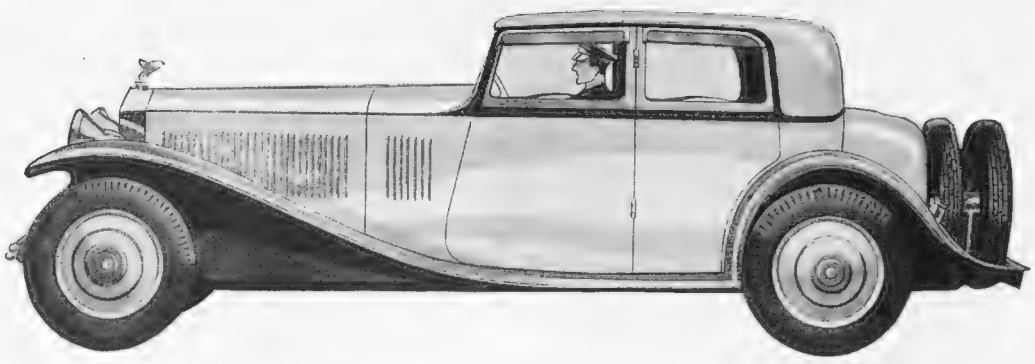
CAPTAIN JOHN P. BLACK, the Director and General Manager of the Standard Motor Co., Ltd.

Until the advent of motor cars the joys of the country-side were hidden from a large proportion of the population, but to-day the landscapes and the scenery of the counties and shires lie figuratively on the door-steps of the town-dwellers, but to enjoy these delights the means of transport must be in keeping with the surroundings. A dirty, rusty, noise-creating automobile will prevent those motoring with it from deriving the benefits and pleasures which are theirs by rights and abound around them for the asking. To enjoy Spring-time motoring necessitates a clean, smooth-running car as a means of transport, for by that means alone the harmony of the surroundings is not disturbed.

To many car owners, when they hear the call of Spring, which to a motorist is synonymous to the call of the road, motoring means a run down the Portsmouth road or down the ugly straight new highway to Southend. Car drivers who have never explored intentionally the byways of England do not really understand what motoring can do for them. The best way to enjoy the Spring and the new car is to leave the main road as soon as possible and just wander through the

(Continued on p. 374)

A WIZARD OF THE WHEEL: Mr. Norman "Wizard" Smith (in dark coat) at Ninety Mile Beach, New Zealand, is preparing to attack Sir Malcolm Campbell's new speed record. Mr. Smith is making practice runs on a 40 h.p. Rolls-Royce owned by Mr. H. J. Kelliher (right) of Auckland



"We all know the silky car with a luxurious closed body which represents the acme of comfort through town and country.
It is not generally known however that Rolls-Royce produce a modified form of this car which, whilst possessing the smoothness and comfort of the standard model, has marked characteristics of its own, which make it almost unique amongst cars.
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F.F. 115

The PETROL World

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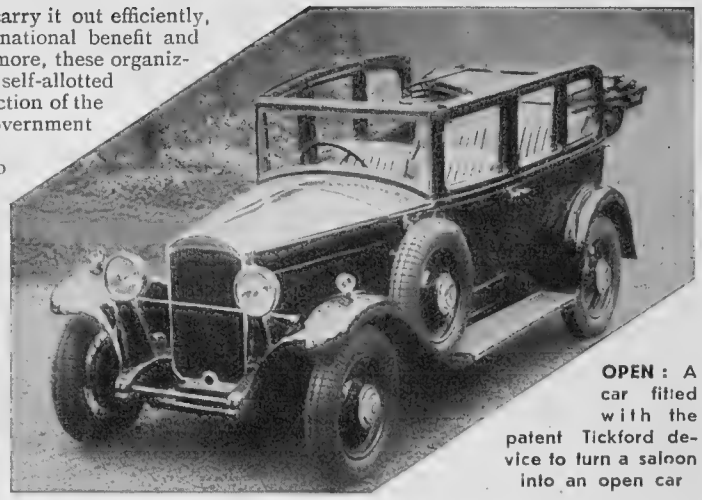
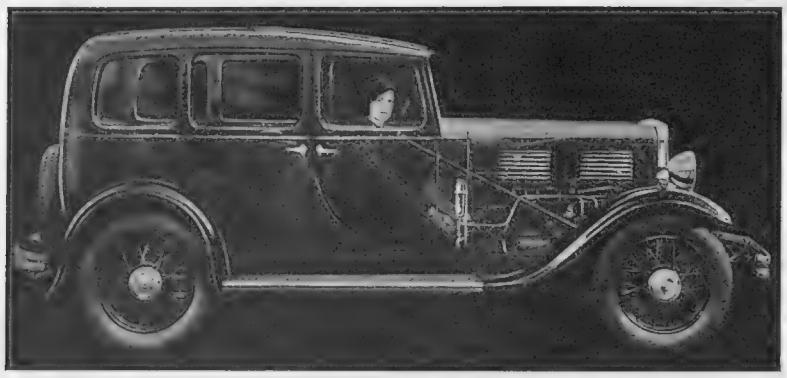
lanes without having any definite objective, and only turning round towards home when the clock makes it advisable so to do. I have heard people say that they will never motor at week-ends or at holiday time because motoring then means driving in a slow-moving queue. Obviously such people have stuck to the highways, for my experience shows me that even during such busy periods thickly populated areas such as Kent, Surrey, and Middlesex have miles of lanes and by-roads where to meet another car is something quite out of the ordinary.

POINTS FOR THE NEW OWNER.—At this time of the year we know that motoring receives many recruits. In the old days they were given advice by people—such as myself—as to the best way of taking out the licence, fixing up the insurance, etc., but to-day every recruit to motoring has so many car-owners as friends that to repeat such advice would be mere waste of space. I would, however, like to impress upon every new-comer that it is to her or his advantage to join either or both of the R.A.C. or the Automobile Association. The various departments of these organisations are most valuable to the new owner, whilst their guides and scouts on the road may be the means of getting the timorous and inexperienced motorist back safely to his or her home. As a matter of fact I look upon it as a duty which every car-owner owes to motoring to join either the R.A.C. or the A.A., because both bodies carry out work, and carry it out efficiently, which is obviously of national benefit and importance. What is more, these organizations perform their self-allotted tasks efficiently at a fraction of the cost which would be incurred if some Government authority were doing it instead.

My final word of advice to the motorist who contemplates buying a new car or overhauling his present vehicle is to get on to the job without a moment's delay. As I pointed out before, Easter is the real opening of the motoring season, and if everyone leaves his preparations to the last minute a large proportion must obviously be disappointed, in spite of the heroic efforts of suppliers and repairers to deliver the new cars or mend the weary ones before Easter is at hand.



OPEN: A car fitted with the patent Tickford device to turn a saloon into an open car



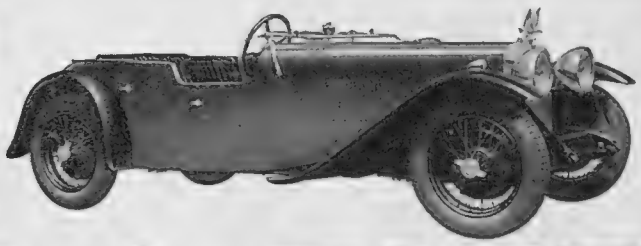
TO PUT OUT ENGINE FIRES: The Essex Fire Extinguisher with the Feather-spray connection to the carburettor which enables the driver to put out any ignited petrol without leaving the driving seat. This is now fitted to the special models of the Standard Big Nine, Sixteen, and Twenty

A POPULAR FEATURE.—The great British Rally, which is being organized by the Royal Automobile Club, has turned out to be a much more popular affair from the competitor's viewpoint than was anticipated. In all 367 entries have been received. Practically every make of car on the British market is represented, ranging from the "babies" of 7 h.p. to the very largest luxury vehicles. Particular interest will be taken in the two cars which are fitted with Diesel type engines, and which will run over the course on heavy oil. There are nine starting points, but London is the most popular with 114 entries in Class 1, and twenty-six in Class 2. Cars will also start from Bath, Norwich, Leamington, Buxton, Harrogate, Liverpool, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Edinburgh. There is no set route to be followed so long as the competitors pass through the various controls. The control points are Bath, Buxton, Cambridge, Carlisle, Cheltenham, Chester, Droitwich, Eastbourne, Edinburgh, Harrogate, Kendal, Leamington, Liverpool, Llandrindod Wells, London, Newark, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Norwich, Nottingham, and Peebles. Anyone who imagines this Rally is a nice easy way of seeing England will probably alter their opinion when they realize that the competitors will probably have to average 25 m.p.h. for about a thousand miles. Unless a competitor has at least one spare driver on board he will have to go even faster if he earmarks any of the available time for sleep.

CLOSED: A 16-50-h.p. Humber Saloon—the same car as above—shown with the Tickford conversion in a closed position. It will be noted that the normal lines of the saloon remain unaltered by the fitting of this ingenious device by Salmon and Sons

(Continued on p. 376)

ALVIS CARS



Experienced motorists regard the ALVIS as a masterpiece of British automobile engineering. You can economise luxuriously and get that "thousand pounds" feeling with an ALVIS from £395. May we demonstrate? ALVIS CAR & ENGINEERING CO. LTD., COVENTRY. LONDON SHOWROOMS: 18, BERKELEY ST. W.1.

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Write for details of all models, from £140.

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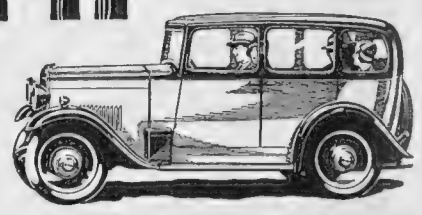

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Says MISS BINNIE HALE:

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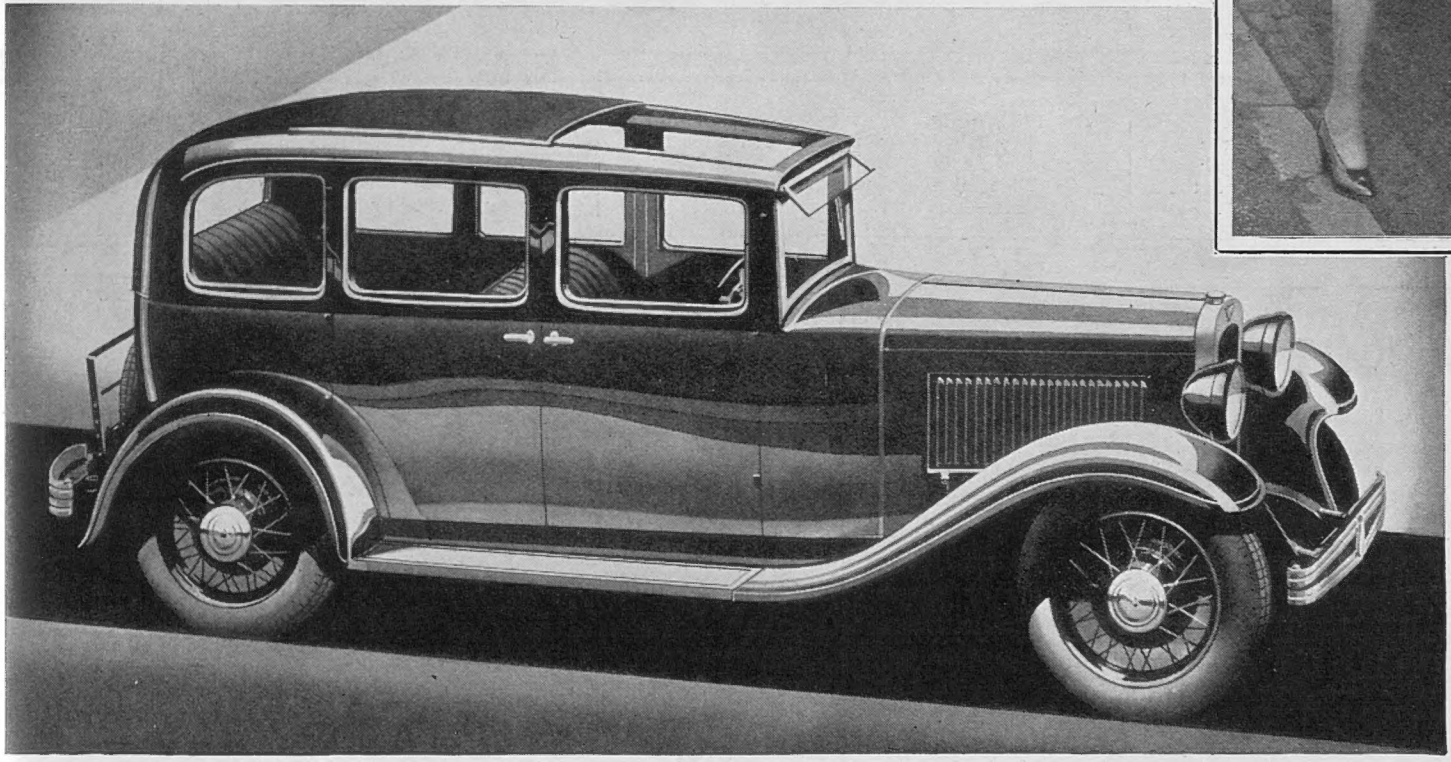
WE did not ask Miss Binnie Hale, the famous musical comedy star, to write this tribute . . . she sent it voluntarily. Like thousands of owners who have voiced their appreciation of Austin's dependable service, she felt she *must* express to us her satisfaction. And this is what she says:

"You may remember that I purchased one of your 16 h.p. Saloons last summer, and although it is by no means the first Austin car I have owned, as a practical motorist of considerable experience I feel that an expression of my appreciation of this model might be of interest. I would like to thank you for the excellent service I have always had from your cars, *and should very much like to think that every article I bought gave me as much satisfaction as my latest Austin Saloon.*

All motorists who require efficient and care-free motoring and who wish to invest their money wisely, would find it exceedingly hard to select any other car but an Austin."

Any Austin dealer will be pleased to demonstrate the Austin Sixteen for you, without obligation.



THE AUSTIN SIXTEEN BURNHAM DE LUXE SALOON *{as illustrated}*

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The PETROL WORLD

(Continued from p. 374)

THE TICKFORD SUNSHINE BODY.—Motorists who have had saloon cars to drive in during the winter have thoroughly enjoyed the comfort thus afforded to them, but we are now at the beginning of a season when fine, sunny days with champagne-like air may be expected, and it is surely little short of a crime to travel through the country in those circumstances in a hermetically-sealed box. By so doing we may feast our eyes but certainly not our lungs, and of the two the latter are obviously the more important. Many saloons have sliding roofs, and these, of course, will be open, but no sliding roof that I have ever seen allows more than 50 per cent. of the available space to be thrown open to the atmosphere. In other words it is a compromise between the closed and the open car and it works within its limit extraordinarily well. Most of us if we were rich would prefer to have both a closed and an open car in our garage and use them according to the weather, but in these hard times the ideal is not easily attained and so we grope around for a compromise, and that is one reason why the sliding roof of to-day is so popular.

We can, however, with very little cost go much closer to our ideal by having a roof which will completely open up and allow us to go about in what is, to all intents and purposes, a completely open car or a completely closed car at will. What is more, the particular body I have in mind in no way looks like a compromise as is so often the case. I refer to the Tickford sunshine body.

IN CASE OF FIRE.—I have received information that Captain Black, the General Manager and a Director of the Standard Motor Co., Ltd., has produced an innovation which should be of great interest to motorists. This consists of an automatic fire extinguisher which is now fitted to the "Special" models of the Standard Big Nine, Sixteen, and Twenty. Captain Black has evidently been working on the right lines, and if he has produced a fire extinguisher which will put out any conflagation on a car before the flames get a grip he will have done a service to motoring which deserves the greatest praise. As I have not yet been supplied with the details as to how the appliance works I am unable to say any more about the fitting, but I shall certainly return to the subject when I have either seen one or had drawings presented to me.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship are finding it very difficult to obtain enough funds to feed, clothe, and educate their 1,100 children and to keep their various Homes and the Training Ship in a state of efficiency. The work the Society is carrying on is a noble one, that of training young children to become good and useful men and women. Please help by sending a donation to the Headquarters of the Society, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

BOOKS

(Continued from p. 334)

The book has a significance of which the casual reader will be unaware; it presents, without the hysterical Nietscheanism of so many War books, the agony of Austria. Germany had her Remarque as Cassandra-cum-pacifist press agent; Austria has gone unsung—almost forgotten.

But author's gifts and volume's permanent value aside, *Spears Against Us* is pre-eminently readable. To Schloss Edelstein, the Tyrolean seat of a noble family, comes, in the summer of '14, an English family bound to it by ties of friendship and of blood. Romance burgeons forth between the Harrovian Edelstein heir and the English daughter; between the English son and the elder Edelstein girl, while the young children of the Austrian house bathe, climb, rag about, and, above all, laugh through the pages with a delicious infectiousness. But a storm is brewing over this halcyon scene: a physical storm, superbly described, precipitates the romance of English Ian and Austrian Paula into the crystals of passion—an episode handled with a thrilling delicacy—and the metaphorical storm sunders the friends, to fight on opposing sides in the coming conflict.

The tragedy of the War forms the second section of the book, and Mr. Roberts has presented, with chivalry to friend and foe alike, with a level pen, its heroism and its futility. The Englishman survives, but the Austrian heir falls on the battlefield, while the house of Edelstein totters to its fall.

But it is the third section of the novel —Aftermath—that reveals Mr. Roberts as a genuine artist. With no trace of overstatement, above all, with no hysteria, post-War Austria is revealed in a pathos of *dégringolade* that rises to tragedy. The old Count is dead, the younger son and daughter are employed in menial tasks; the heroine of the youthful romance maintains her impoverished family by a succession of lovers, ultimately to die by her own hand. Depressing? Yes, as life is depressing; but the book draws light as well as shade, and as, despite the Pessimists, life is worth living, so the book is worth reading.

The characters—the weak Count with his strong Prussian Countess and his temperamental Viennese mistress, the incredible Timmy; Anna, sturdy in soul and body, and Paula, creature of evanescent mood—are not types but people: people one is glad to meet and gladder to know. And the ultimate scene where Ian goes back to Austria (whose *Gemüthlichkeit* has at last found an interpreter) to help the countrymen of his friends is more likely to inspire us to the understanding of a delightful race than a hundred pow-wows at Geneva.—G. H. W. R.

WHERE TININESS IS BLISS

(Continued from p. 331)

had an army since the medieval Counts of Foix. Doctors and chemists are provided by the State. Justice is administered on the doorstep, as it were, by important men called "gros caps" who are elected at the rate of twenty-four a year and who must be "intelligent and vice free." If someone owes somebody something his assets are gone into and, if he can't pay, one waits until he can. That is very nearly the only transgression, although in our own eyes the whole collection of Andorrans are bad men, smugglers. Yet that is their time-honoured, inherited métier, when they are not growing tobacco. For long, of latter years, until the peseta cracked (and especially during 1914–18) they reaped a fat harvest from pushing horses, mules, and sheep over the Pyrenees into France. They do so still, but times are much leaner now.

I was once in Andorra la Vieja, the capital, when the legislature was meeting. They are locked in a dormitory in the Casa de la Vals for twenty-four hours while they decide legislation for the next twelve months. To help them they are given a whole ox which they proceed to roast at an enormous open fireplace. Then they celebrate, and the sequel is the election of two Syndics for the ensuing year. These wise men owe explanations of policy and of happenings to a Viguier on the French side (who is responsible for justice but rarely butts in), and to the Bishop of Seo de Urgel, on the Spanish side, and who has charge of the spiritual. The Andorrans are frail owing to consanguinity —families can trace themselves back many hundred years—but they have the natural courtesy of the mountains. I am afraid their number is up now, though, in so far as simplicity is concerned. From two sides, from the only two sides they know, Progress is pressing upon them; up from the Revolution of Barcelona and down from the mountains of French Technical Development. A road is now nearly complete right through Andorra, and the French have erected all the horrid apparatus for collecting water power. And the locals have learned to catch trout with dynamite in order to supply a hôtel de luxe that has sprung up at Les Escaldas. Now for a prosperous opening up. . . .

Good-bye, Andorra. I should like to think of you as the Elysian Field you were, above, high above this world spinning on straight-eights. To come upon you from the Port Royal, 9,000 ft. pass of edelweiss, to behold you covered by a white canopy of cloud that was level with ourselves—your sunlit valley below, and the blue infinity of a Sierra sky above—enabling us to peer into two worlds simultaneously—what an experience was that! And, then, the first evening in Soldeu's posada—Charlemagne passed this way—meeting a few of one's bent who didn't mind sleeping above the animals, who quickened to the full vino tinto and to the national dish of trout, bacon, bubble and squeak. The gramophone dance, the chatter, the anticipation of the morrow, of the descent down, down, forty miles down into Spain, now splashing in the torrent, now picnicking.

Now for the whizz of chars-à-bancs.

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Andorra should soon be merely a stretch of road, much as any other in the Pyrenees, to be covered admiringly in an hour or two of a day's circuit.

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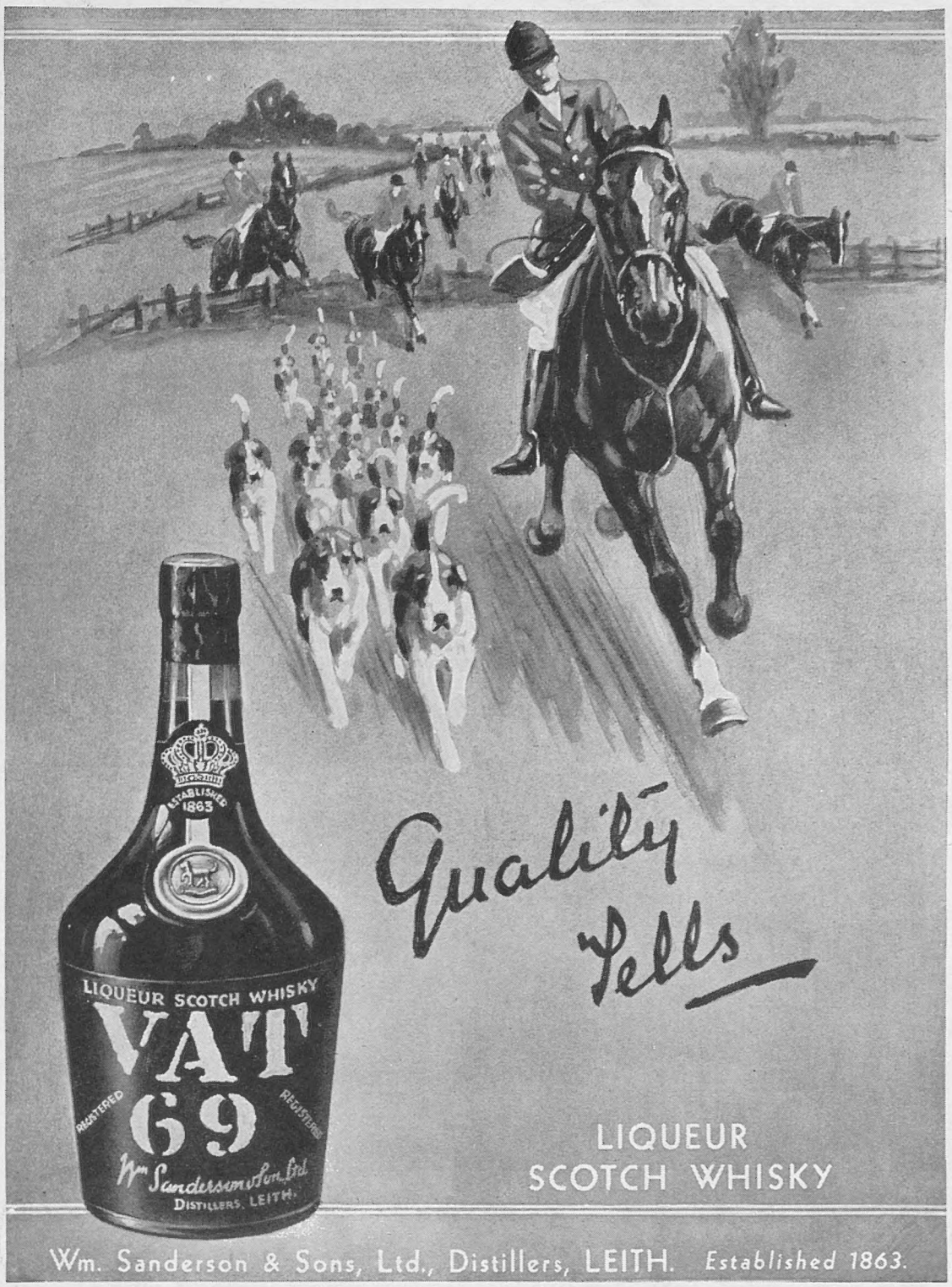

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